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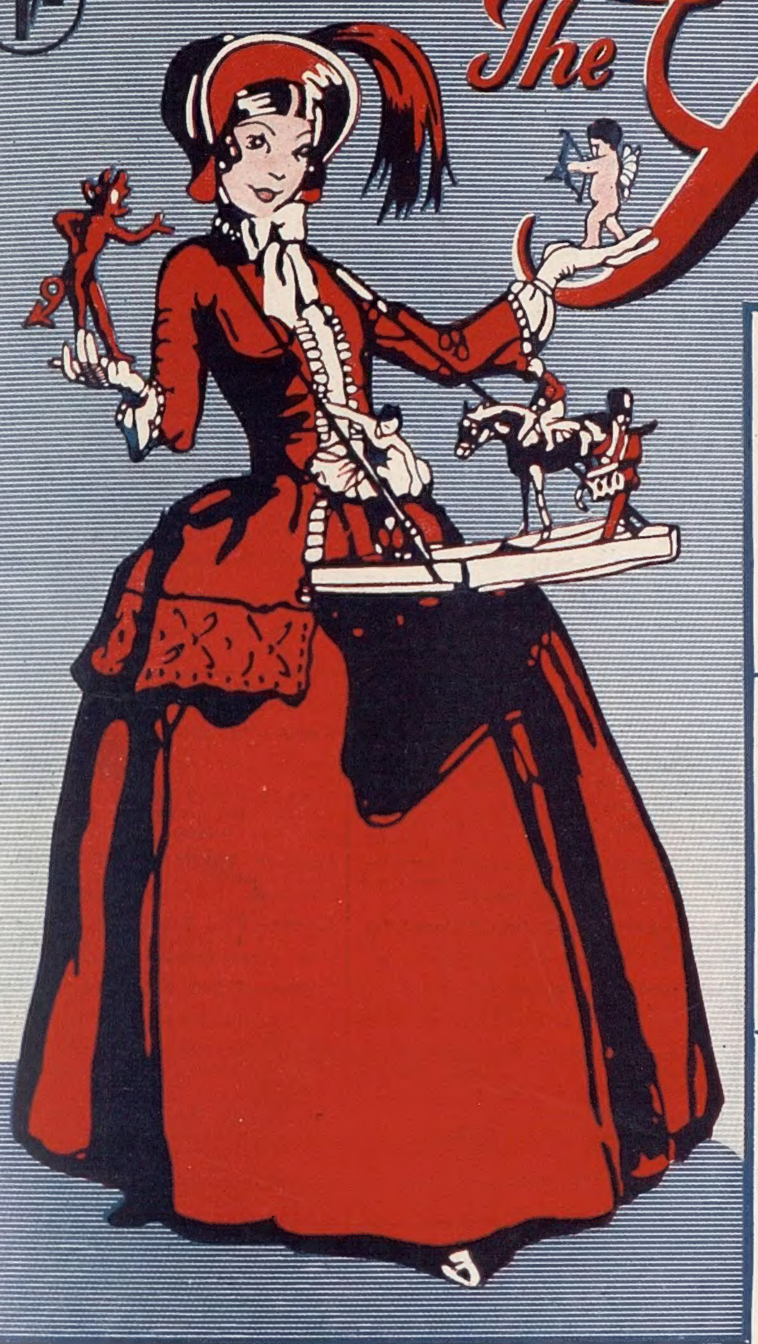

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GERMANY—*continued.*

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The Sketch

No. 2319—Vol. CLXXIX. WEDNESDAY, JULY 7, 1937. ONE SHILLING.

PHOTOGRAPH BY BASSANO.

LADY JEAN MACKINTOSH—
O.C. FAMILY BATHING PARADE.

LADY JEAN MACKINTOSH, *elder daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Hamilton and Brandon, and wife of Mr. C. E. W. Mackintosh, the well-known British ski-er, is here seen in command of a family bathing parade. The children are her own quartet,* SHEENA, *aged nine ;* VORA, *aged eight ;* DOUGLAS, *aged six ; and* CHARLACH ROB, *who is only two ; and her niece and nephew,* JANE, *aged six, and* MALCOLM, *aged four, children of Mr. James and Lady Margaret Drummond-Hay.*

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

STREAKS.

HUMAN nature in one respect (I trust not in all) is like bacon—it is streaky. I believe that this is considered, by some connoisseurs to be an advantage in the case of bacon (I 'm all for the lean kind, myself) ; but in mortal man it is a bit of a nuisance. It upsets all calculations. In bacon, the streaks run right through the piece—at least, I think so, though I am not very familiar with the raw material of this popular commodity. At all events—to be quite safe in our figures of speech—in a woven pattern the strands and streaks run right through the design. But in human nature they are " all anyhow " ; you never know where they will break out, or what course they will take. The result is a kind of crazy-work. "Consistency," said Emerson, "is the bugbear of little minds." It is a comforting thought, for if it is true, the majority of us are remarkably large-minded.

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

DRAWN BY H. ABEKING.

For example : if anybody were to tell me that I am a lazy, procrastinating slacker, I should be distinctly annoyed. In my annoyance there would be, I am well aware, a considerable element of priggishness. I priggishly consider that I have worked hard all my life—a great deal harder, I am inclined to think, than many of the self-styled "working-classes" who seem to suppose that they are the only class which works and who doubtless regard people like me as lilies of the field — though I dare say they would use a less complimentary title. I claim to be a poor but honest labouring man ; but oh, how lazy I am under all this brave show of toil ! The pretexts which I find for putting off till to-morrow what I ought to do to-day, if what I ought to do to-day happens to be a bore or a worry or just something I " can't be bothered with " ! There has been a certain task on my desk waiting to be done for weeks. It is not particularly difficult ; when the moment comes, as it will come, when this job *has* to be done, it probably will not take me more than an hour or two. But just because there is no urgency about it, and because for some reason or other it bores me, I simply will not address my mind to it, however much I tell myself every morning that I really must do so ! The letters that remain unanswered, the books that remain unread, on the pretext that I simply haven't time for them—all humbug, really, for, of course, if I *had* to write those letters or read those books, I should certainly find time for them. The hours, days, perhaps months of time I have wasted by allowing my attention to wander when I have been reading the printed page ! We constantly delude ourselves by judging our industry by its quantity rather than its quality. It is possible to work slavishly day and night, and to be doing nothing all the time ; indeed, there are many people who take refuge from real effort and real concentration, and some who take refuge from life itself, in this galley-work. He was a shrewd observer who said that every man is as lazy as he dares to be.

We are streaky in our wills, too, dithering at one moment and behaving with statesmanlike decision the next. A problem presents itself ; you stew and ponder over it, and the more you stew and ponder, the less you are able to make up your mind. The problem teases and baffles you for days, until you despair of a solution. Then one morning you wake up, and the whole thing is perfectly clear and simple. You have seen your line of action in a moment, and you wonder why in the world you ever had any doubt about it. It is difficult to say which is the greater puzzle—why the scales thus suddenly fall from the eyes, or why the scales ever got there ! I am inclined to think that the only really satisfactory solutions of difficult problems are reached by this apparently haphazard process, which is sometimes called " inspiration " ; certain sincere but credulous persons give it even more solemn names. I do not greatly believe in people who pride themselves on their power of instant decision. In my experience their quick decisions are more often wrong than right, and have to be revised on fuller consideration. More ordinary men may seem at first to vacillate, "this way and that dividing the swift mind," like Odysseus ; but the streak of sudden illumination generally comes when they are least expecting it—often when shaving. The morning shave is a great time for inspiration, and it is extraordinary how many of our noblest thoughts and resolutions come to us in the bath.

The streakiness of our minds is so notorious that I will not dwell on it—it is a painful subject to most of us. Psychologists profess to be able to grade us all according to an Intelligence Quotient ; but they cannot explain why a man can be a perfect genius at one thing and a perfect fool at another, while the man who is equally good at everything usually does not seem to be much good at anything. One does not expect a poet to be able to give a lucid exposition of the Gold Standard, but there seems no reason why a person of robust grey matter should not be able to play an intelligent game of cards ; yet many men who simply bulge with grey matter are quite incapable of doing this, while others who seem quite slow-witted in other respects can play an uncanny game of chess or bridge. I hear people deny nowadays that there is such a thing as a mathematical or non-mathematical mind. They say it is all a question of training. This opinion was not shared by the unhappy wretch who once tried to teach the present writer a thing called Conic Sections, and who died of a broken heart.

Finally, we are all, not excluding the numerous Pharisees in our midst, curiously streaky in our morals. Hamlet summed it up : " I count myself indifferent honest, yet I could accuse myself of such things that it were better I had never been born." In this matter of human bacon all in reality are streaky. We can only hope that hereafter, in a better world than this, we shall be properly cured, and that we shall not have to be smoked !

MR. BRISTLEWOOD IS CONVINCED HE HAS LEARNT SOMETHING AT WIMBLEDON.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

THE FORMER PRIMROSE SALT WITH HER YOUNG DUNCAN AND GREAT DANE.

MRS. A. H. OSBORNE, *formerly Miss Primrose Salt, is the mother of a baby boy,* DUNCAN OSBORNE. *This group shows mother and child with the family Great Dane, Michael, who is grinning with happiness.*

MRS. A. H. OSBORNE *is here posed in the garden of the cottage at Farnham which she and her husband have taken, now that he is stationed at Aldershot.*

Michael, the Great Dane, is devoted to seven-months-old DUNCAN OSBORNE.

The former Miss Primrose Salt is a good horsewoman. Here she is with her favourite hunter, Betty, with which she has won at Horse Shows and Point-to-Point races.

Left: Michael, the Great Dane, has here exceeded his privileges. He has taken Duncan's string of beads, and Duncan isn't quite pleased about it.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SWAEBE.

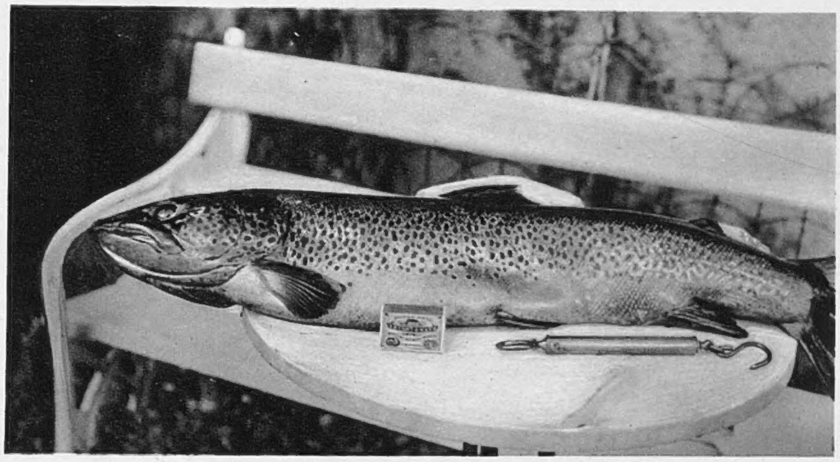
THE DOG AND THE LADIES IN THE HEIGHT OF FASHION!

MRS. ALEC HAMBRO, *formerly Miss Baba Beaton, is here posed with her baby daughter,* ALEXANDRA MARY, *and the family Dalmatian in the grounds of Throop House, Holdenhurst, their Hampshire home. It will be noted that Mrs. Hambro's smart imprimé has a butterfly design, and that the Dalmatian dog's spots give the impression that he is wearing a patterned material and is thus also in the height of fashion!*

PHOTOGRAPH BY BASSANO.

"WHEN I WAS LAST A-FISHING."

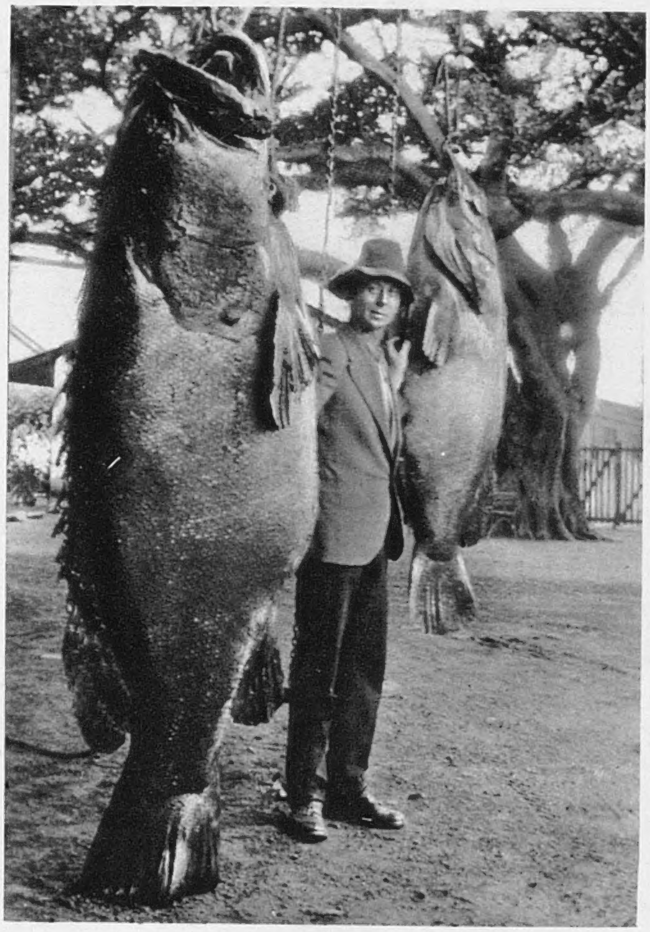
WHAT is the gamest fish that swims? No question is more likely to start a lively discussion among a party of anglers, particularly if some of them have fished overseas. Bonefish, tarpon, sailfish, marlin, dorado, wahoo, salmon, trout, and numerous other fish will all have their champions. So much depends on what special qualities are required in the game fish, for, as Mr. Leander McCormick concludes in his recently published book "Fishing Round the World," there are three kinds of emotions provided by different types of game fish. Those who seek the thrill of pitting physical force against their opponent could hardly do better than choose the striped marlin, in Mr. McCormick's opinion. Whereas, if the angler prefers the emotion induced by external factors, he will pursue the tigerfish in Africa, "where the eternal hardships of environment provide such handicaps, and where the fish can be so fierce and impossibly exasperating to hook that success requires not only good fortune, but also victory against odds unrelated to fishing." The third emotion is concerned with intellectual considerations, and to the angler who seeks less robust sport and prefers the pleasures of intellectual and technical triumphs, Mr. McCormick can suggest no better adversary than the sophisticated trout in the chalk streams of England. In comparing the fighting qualities of the game fish in various parts of the world, Mr. McCormick is better qualified than most anglers, for there are few of the recognised game fish which he has not caught during his fishing expeditions on four continents. His list of standard representative game fish, which he considers covers well, for size and variety of combat, all the best types of fish the world over, is not a long one. Here it is: black bass, bonefish, dorado, grayling, mako shark, sailfish, salmon, swordfish, tarpon, tigerfish, trout, tuna, wahoo. Before anyone disagrees with Mr. McCormick's choice, it is very necessary to read how he arrived at his conclusions. I need hardly say that he freely admits there are dozens of other fish which deserve the title of game fish. His book is an enthralling record of numerous fishing trips in all parts of the world in search of game fish.



This FINE TROUT OF 11½ LB. *at first sight looks as long as the garden seat behind it! It was caught recently by Dr. Lewis Smith on Loch Rannoch by trolling with natural bait. Many other big trout have been caught in Loch Rannoch, including one of 22 lb. in 1867, and one of 21 lb. taken by Miss Kate Kirby in 1904.*

Fish on a Fire-Escape.

Just why there should be any connection between a fish caught off Clacton Pier and a fire-escape outside a London office may be obscure, so I will try to make it clear. On Thursday, June 17, Mr. G. B. Rhodes, while fishing off Clacton Pier, caught a fish. This might appear extraordinary to some people who have watched anglers fishing from piers, but I have no doubt Mr. Rhodes has caught other fish, probably quite a number. This particular fish was a new one to him, and no one to whom he showed it could say what it was. Anxious to know what he had caught, he put aside mundane thoughts of a fish breakfast, parcelled the fish up, addressed it to me, and popped it in the post. I have often noticed that the Post Office seems reluctant to deliver parcels of fish too rapidly, on the assumption, perhaps, that the lower the speed the higher the delivery. This particular parcel was posted on Thursday, and I received it on Monday and opened it. One glance was sufficient to spot the spots of a Twaite shad, and, holding my nose, I told the office-boy to "put the dab thing out of the window on the fire-escape." Before leaving at night, of course, he would drop the remains in the waste-paper basket. To-day, Friday, I happened to glance through this window, which is always kept shut, and *the shad was still there*, cutting off all hope of escape if there had been a fire. The office-boy looked quite green at the prospect of having to perform his neglected task! At one time, Twaite shad were caught in the Thames in large numbers, but of recent years comparatively few have been caught round our coasts, and these mainly in the West Coast rivers and round the Solent.



Not too bad for an evening's catch! Mr. T. Barkwell caught THESE TWO BRINDLE BASS *on crab bait in Durban Harbour. One weighed 405 lb. and the other 179 lb.*

Trout Swimming in Circles.

From time to time one hears accounts of trout having been seen swimming round and round in circles, as if lost on a traffic roundabout, until finally they turn belly up and die. Various suggestions have been advanced to explain this strange phenomenon. Among other suspected causes are damaged swim-bladder, injury to optic nerve, pollution, and disease. I believe it is a fact that some fish dying from furunculosis will behave in this way, but the victims of these roundabout tragedies often appear to be perfectly healthy. I have brought up this subject as I have just read a letter from Mr. E. P. V. Sealey, published in a New Zealand fishing paper, in which he states that he has knowledge of three instances of trout gyrating on the surface and then dying. On two occasions in one season, on the Opihi river, he secured fish—one of 1½ lb. and the other 12½ lb.—after seeing them turning in circles on the surface. Mr. Sealey examined these fish carefully, and he traced the source of the trouble in each case to suffocation, owing to a fairly large, flat stone being lodged firmly between the gill-rakers and thus preventing closure. Stones are often found in the stomachs of trout, and there is no doubt that stones, bits of stick, etc., covered with larvæ, are taken into the mouth and generally expelled in due course. However, like human beings, trout are liable to make a slip sometimes, and when they do happen to get a stone jammed in their gills, they are in as bad a fix as a man who has swallowed his dentures, and that is indeed an awkward quandary!

R. L. MARSTON.

The Editor of "The Sketch" is always pleased to consider, with a view to publication, readers' photographs of fishing subjects suitable for use not only in this article, but in other positions in "The Sketch." All photographs sent on approval should be very fully titled, should bear the name and address of the sender, and should be addressed to the Editor of "The Sketch," Illustrated House, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Any photograph used will be paid for at our usual rates.

CARICATURES BY FRED MAY.

"THE DEVIL'S OWN" GYMKHANA.

At Bisley recently the INNS OF COURT REGIMENT *had a good day's sport, with much excellent jumping. This smart officer-producing regiment had its spiritual forebears in the Benchers and Fellows of the Inns, who in 1584 took a declaration of loyalty to Queen Elizabeth and formed Associations "to serve and protect her from all who may harm her person. . . ." Raised during each national crisis, and disbanded on the restoration of tranquillity, it has taken part in some of the greatest events of history. At a review in Hyde Park in 1803, George III. gave the Law Association the nickname of "The Devil's Own," which the regiment still cherishes.*

THIS WEEK'S ROYAL VISIT TO EDINBURGH: SCOTTISH

CARRICK PURSUIVANT is *Sir Alexander Seton, Bt., the brother of Bruce Seton, the film actor.*

The DUKE OF MONTROSE *is typical of all that is best in Scotland's traditions of clan-leadership. An Archer, he is Hereditary Sheriff of Co. Dumbartonshire.*

CAPTAIN "TEDDY" STEVENSON, *the Purse Bearer, makes most of the arrangements for the Courts and garden-parties at Holyrood-house.*

Left: LORD *and* LADY BALFOUR OF BURLEIGH. *He is one of the sixteen Scottish Representative Peers.*

The DUKE OF ATHOLL, *or "Bardie," is a great personality in the North, especially in Perthshire, where he has his own army, the Atholl Highlanders. His nickname is an abbreviation of one of his titles, the Marquess of Tullibardine.*

LORD ELPHINSTONE *is Captain-General in the Royal Company of Archers. He is the brother-in-law of H.M. the Queen, as he married Lady Mary Bowes-Lyon.*

The EARLS OF HADDINGTON *(left) and* AIRLIE *and, on the right, a member of the latter's family. Lord Haddington is a Brigadier in the Royal Company of Archers; and Lord Airlie is a Representative Peer.*

PERSONALITIES WHO ARE TO THE FORE.

The EARL OF DUNMORE, V.C., and the COUNTESS OF DUNMORE. *Lord Dunmore is a Murray and was a Lord-in-Waiting to King George V.*

SIR IAN MALCOLM OF POLTALLOCH, *who is a member of the Carberry house-party for the royal visit, is an Archer, and will be on duty for various functions at Holyroodhouse.*

The MARQUESS OF CLYDESDALE, *who is in waiting on their Majesties, is the eldest son of the Duke of Hamilton, Hereditary Keeper of the Palace of Holyroodhouse.*

Left: MR. MALCOLM WOLFE MURRAY, *here seen with his wife,* LADY GRIZEL, *is one of the youngest members of the Royal Company of Archers.*

Right: COLONEL SIR GEORGE STIRLING, BT., *of Glorat, is the Keeper of Dumbarton Castle. As an Archer, Sir George will be on duty in Edinburgh and will receive their Majesties when they pay their visit to Dumbarton Castle. He is shown with his daughter,* MISS JEAN STIRLING.

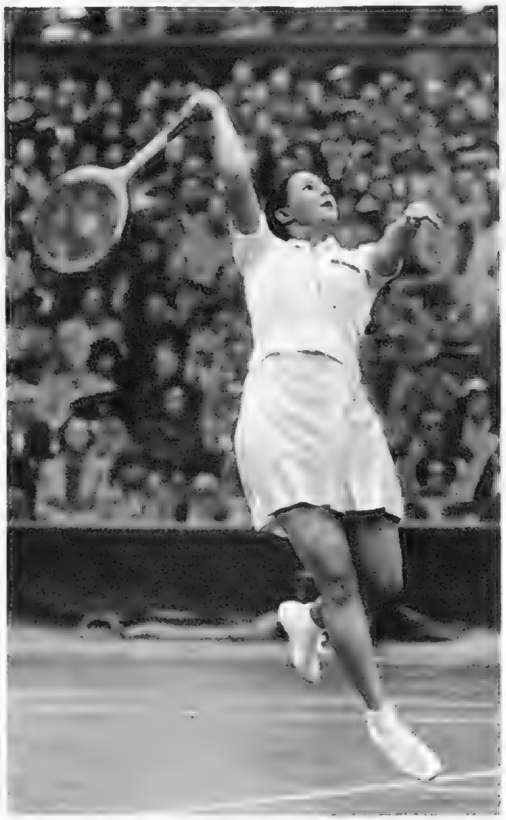
GENERAL SIR ARCHIBALD CAMERON *is the first Governor of Edinburgh Castle since the eighteenth century. The office was revived with much pomp last year.*

LORD LYON KING OF ARMS *(Sir Francis James Grant; centre) and the* HERALDS, MARCHMONT *(Mr. John H. Stevenson),* ROTHESAY *(Sir John Mackintosh Norman Macleod), and* ALBANY *(Mr. Thomas Innes of Learney), will have a busy time during the royal visit to Scotland which began on Monday last, July 5, and will continue until July 12.*

HELEN JACOBS ON A NEW TENNIS METHOD.

No result of the Wimbledon Championships surprised me more than Frank Parker's defeat of Henner Henkel. If I had ventured to predict the outcome of this match, I would have said that Henkel's strength of shot and his immensely improved net game would have been too much for the studied shots of Parker. The result proved quite the reverse. Henkel could not cope with the flawless placing and the telling volleys that Parker employed in breaking up the game of his adversary.

When I first saw Frank Parker play several years ago, he had an attractive and very effective forehand drive, made with the Continental grip, a beautifully produced backhand, which he seemed able to place anywhere at will, and a service which, though not up to the standard of the rest of his game, caused some trouble to his opponents. The only weakness in his game appeared to be a lack of sting in his shots. He was always a steady player, but never a producer of very spectacular shots.



MISS DOROTHY ROUND, (G.B., *nominated*) *is here seen playing one of the brilliant strokes which helped her to defeat Miss Helen Jacobs, the U.S.A. player.*

MISS DOROTHY ROUND *was on top of her form when she defeated Miss Helen Jacobs by 6—4, 6—2. This action snap gives a good idea of her speed on the court.*

Arm-Chair Practice!

After a lapse of about a year, I saw Frank play again. In fact, I had several practice games with him when he was training in Santa Barbara, on the California coast. At that time Mercer Beasley was teaching him to make his forehand drive sitting in a chair. This sounds absurd, but is actually true, and the reason Mr. Beasley gave for his unusual method of teaching was the theory that the shoulder and arm should be made to do most of the work in the production of this shot. Frank learned to hit accurately from this curious position. He was then taught to hit the ball with everything from a baseball bat to a golf club. This practice was expected to produce a natural swing. I thought Frank's game at that time was bound for the greatest heights.

I saw him play in the Eastern tournaments a year or so later. Gone was the beautiful forehand, and in its place was a laboured, jerky stroke. His backhand remained the same, but his service had become, so far as I could see, merely the means of putting the ball in play. Frank did not do very well that year. Against aggressive opponents who hit hard and deep to his forehand and went to the net, he could do nothing except to make the most defensive, futile reply. Generally, the spectators thought that his game had reached a premature end. Frank didn't seem the least bit worried. He went on working at his unusual strokes and in the American Championships of 1937 performed so brilliantly against Donald Budge that it looked for a time as if he couldn't possibly lose. Only the greater power of Budge's game in the crisis of the match prevented an upset.

MISS HELEN JACOBS *and* MISS DOROTHY ROUND *going out to play their match in the fifth round of the Women's Singles at Wimbledon. Miss Round beat Miss Jacobs at Wimbledon once before—in 1934; and has also been victorious against the redoubtable U.S.A. player on several occasions in Wightman Cup matches.*

Frank Parker's Slice.

By then another change had taken place in Frank's game. The forehand drive had entirely disappeared, its place being taken by the slice he now uses. This slice is a disturbing stroke with which to contend. It is accurately and deeply hit, and carries a great deal of pace. But however good it is, it is difficult to see it as an effective passing shot, or one which would make any trouble for a volleyer. Yet it is and does—witness Parker's match against Henkel. Frank's service, though he seems to get the minimum power from his shoulder and arm, is a forcing shot, extremely well placed. His backhand, fortunately, remains the same, and he volleys crisply and decisively.

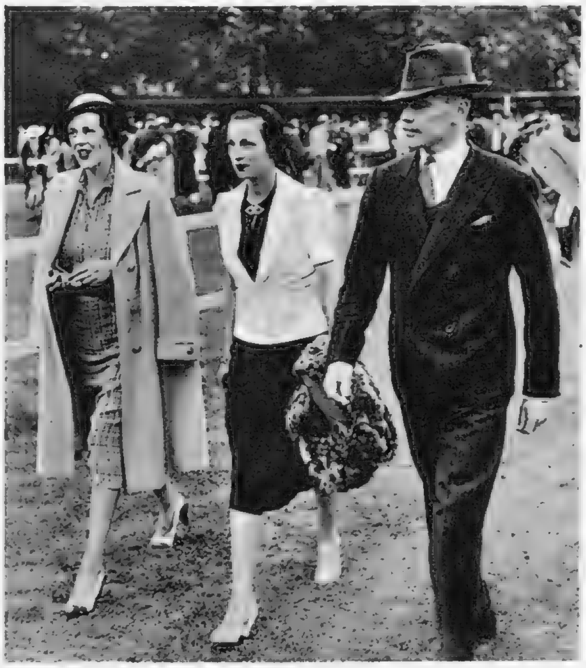
I have often wondered, in view of the fact that every year I have seen Frank play he has concentrated on a different type of forehand, if he has intended to spend a year developing, one at a time, every possible type of stroke; and if he intends finally to combine them all in his game. If he has not forgotten, in the meantime, how to make the flat drive and the looser service, he will certainly have the most all-round stroke equipment of any player in the game when he consolidates his various shots. It seems that there could be no other reason for experimenting for a year with all types of spin, then the various methods of making the flat drive, then the flat and the spinning services.

Frank is young enough to have given as many years as he has done to this experimentation. Perhaps now he is beginning to use his knowledge for the single purpose of winning. If so, he has begun well, and America may have a singles player, next to Donald Budge, capable of his share in winning and holding the Davis Cup for some time.

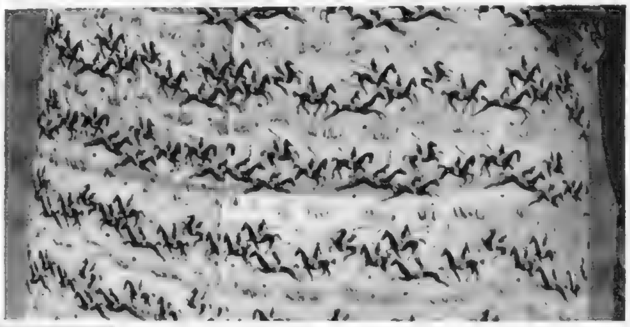
POLO WATCHERS — INCLUDING A GIRL WITH A PONY-PATTERNED DRESS!

LADY GRENFELL, *formerly Miss Betty Shaughnessy, was one of the well-known society women who watched the final for the Champion Cup at Hurlingham. Goulburn beat the Jaguars by 9 goals to 7.*

MR. RICHARD TAUBER, *famous vocalist and screen actor, and his wife,* DIANA NAPIER, *came to watch the polo.*



SIR GERARD *and* LADY FIONA FULLER *and the* HON. MRS. MORGAN-JONES *(left) are the trio in this snapshot. Mrs. Morgan-Jones was the Hon. Lorraine Berry.*



A close-up of the material of Miss Molly Sullivan's dress, showing the DESIGN OF POLO PLAYERS IN ACTION.

LADY IRIS MOUNTBATTEN *(centre), débutante daughter of the Marquess of Carisbrooke, is shown with* MISS ELYSE KING.

MISS MOLLY SULLIVAN *has the ideal dress for watching polo matches—for it is an imprimé, patterned with polo ponies!*

Left: MISS DAPHNE HENDERSON *(centre; daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Arnold Henderson) and* MR. BOWLES *were among the young people at Hurlingham.*

Right: LADY VIOLET VERNON *(right; younger daughter of the Earl of Cromer) and* MRS. WALFORD *were among the wearers of light, pretty dresses.*

A COUNTRY HOUSE IN HAMPSTEAD

MR. CLIVE BROOK, *the famous film star, is now residing in England, and has a house in Hampstead. He and Mrs. Brook (formerly Miss Mildred Evelyn, the actress) are in their charming panelled drawing-room. Clive Brook has just finished "Action for Slander" for London Films.*

Clive Brook has brought his celebrated collection of walking-sticks with him to England.

The flower border of the flagged terrace of the Clive Brooks' home is always gay and colourful.

Left: You can guess that Mrs. Clive Brook has a beautiful bathroom, but could you have imagined this? The landscape in marble is an Italian scene.

PHOTOGRAPHS

CHEZ THE CLIVE BROOKS.

The Clive Brooks' parties are, naturally, attended by plenty of celebrities. Some of them autograph the cocktail-bar counter.

The "country house" atmosphere of the Clive Brooks' London home is well illustrated by this photograph. The star himself is having a nice quiet read.

A dramatic view of the Clive Brook house taken from the terrace.

Right: If Mr. Clive Brook did not know where to find the cupboard in which his clothes are kept, he would be at a loss, for it is cunningly concealed in the panelling.

Y SASHA.

TALES WITH A STING.

THE CROWNING PERIL.

By DOUGLAS NEWTON.

(BEING OUR SHORT STORY.)*

GARCILASCO ESPINEL knew he must kill Pepe. There was no getting rid of the fellow, nor was there time for anything else—even chivalry. What Pepe had told him made instant action imperative. Pepe was a military telegraphist to the Government forces, and, as such, given to bragging under wine: that was why Garcilasco had made the most of him. Garcilasco was an intelligence officer of General Roja's army; in other words, a spy, sent into the enemy lines to get information that would pave the way for General Roja's big attack.

What he had heard from Pepe was alarming. The Government Army knew all about this impending attack, and were preparing for it—secretly. They intended to let Roja's force advance blindly into an ambush that would annihilate it as surely as the French had been annihilated at Sedan. There was no doubt about this: Pepe in his cups had repeated certain troop dispositions and orders that he had telegraphed to the front; they left no doubt that General Roja's army must be trapped and smashed.

Only Garcilasco could save his general's army, and he had only two days to do it. Unless he got his warning through before the advance began on the 16th, the disaster must happen. It meant an escape from a city full of enemies and through hostile lines—hard enough; Pepe made it harder by clinging to him every minute of the evening. He had to kill the man to get away. Pepe, whose drunkenness had turned to sullen suspicion, made it both easier and more dangerous. When Garcilesco led him among the ruins caused by air bombardment, distrust flared in the man. He turned on his companion, knife out . . . Garcilasco had to fight for his own life, too, and even then Pepe shouted the alarm as he died.

That meant a wild dodging among the ruins while a mob with guns hunted him like an animal. Only luck saved him. A group were almost on top of him as he panted in a hole, when some fool afar off let off his rifle in their direction; in the scuffle and panic that followed, he was actually able to join his pursuers and help to hunt himself.

But the warning was out. They put a cordon round the city and stopped every soul leaving. Garcilasco crept from shadow to shadow round the fringes for hours, hiding in all manner of filthy holes. Then one of Roja's bombing squadrons came over, and though one of the bombs nearly killed him, it also created enough local excitement to allow him to slip into the fields and begin his toilsome, roundabout journey to the north. It was a long, exhausting business. During the night he had to run from both cavalry and light tank patrols, and was shot at several times. Only by dawn was he able to reach the *camino real* leading in the direction he wanted, but here danger increased, for, as Pepe had said, troops and lorries were moving up towards the point of ambush.

His one bit of luck was coming upon a stranded lorry drawn into a side track. The driver was a thick-head with more zeal than knowledge of engines, and Garcilasco was able to win his favour by putting his small trouble right. He not only got a lift towards the front, but the chap, in his innocence, was expansive. Garcilasco learnt from him the general disposition of the troops, and the positions of at least three regiments he might claim as his own if in danger.

As they approached the battle zone his risks grew. There were guard points and patrols to be passed. At one of these a keen young corporal asked some pointed questions that Garcilasco found difficult to answer, even with the information he had just got from the driver, and though the corporal let the lorry go on, the way he turned to the inn which was being used as a guard-house made the spy uneasy. That inn was fitted with a telephone.

Half a mile on Garcilasco got down at a side road, saying he recognised where he was, and that this road would take him to his regiment. But, wisely, he did not follow that side road, but got into the scrub that covered the country here and worked his way forward parallel with the main road. It was well he did. As he came to the top of a hill he saw another guard post below, with the lorry being held up and officers as well as soldiers about it. More, from the way the driver used his arms he was plainly telling how his passenger had left him at the side road; in fact, a few minutes later a motor-car and three or four motor-cycles came tearing back. The hunt was on. That keen corporal had telephoned about him and his absence from the lorry had confirmed suspicions. They knew he was a spy.

It was now a matter of touch and go, not merely for Roja's army, but for his own life. The whole district was on the alert, and it was only by the greatest skill and stealth that he was able to make his way forward. Every little while he came upon bands of men scouring the country for him—for they guessed he was trying to warn Roja and were determined to head him off.

His escapes seemed little short of miraculous, and some were particularly nerve-shaking. Once he had to stand for more than an hour submerged to the chin in an icy stream, and in the shadow of bushes that seemed totally inadequate, while men beat the banks for him. At another time, just about dusk, he was caught between two lines of men converging together, and so certain was he that it was the end that he dropped carelessly into a great bed of nettles and lay waiting for discovery. By some marvel a man passed within feet only of him and did not see him.

Famished, weary to his very bones, desperate with strain, he managed to evade arrest until nightfall. He was almost spent. Death had been near him so often that his courage was on the point of breaking. It was only the knowledge that he alone could save General Roja and his comrades from disaster that kept him going.

Night helped him to get through the concentration of troops and work his way towards the outposts. But his dangers increased. He was fired at by all manner of sentries and even came under the shelling of his own guns. Once, in fact, a shell burst so close that he was knocked down and half-stunned. Then, just as he thought he was clear at last he stumbled into one of the advanced machine-gun nests.

He was grabbed, thrust back against the sandbags, covered by a dozen rifles. He managed to gasp: "Is this the Oviedo battalion?" and they relaxed a bit. But just when he thought he could bluff it out, a man said: "You 've blundered badly. The Oviedo chaps are at least two miles to the left." At that the sergeant in charge snarled: "That 's what I don't like about him—it 's too big a blunder to be true. I think he 's a spy. Crawl back and find the officer, Mateo. This wants looking into."

It was the end. After all his risks, Garcilasco was caught at the last moment. The officer who came had heard about him: "I 'm sure it 's the spy they 've been hunting the last day or so. He was heading to get through the front line—and, *basta*! he nearly did it. . . ."

"He won't now," the sergeant snarled. "Stand back, men, I shoot the dog myself."

"Stop, fool," snapped the officer. "If you shoot you give us away to Roja's men."

"Yes, that 's dangerous," the other said. "Also unnecessary—there is the knife. Much quieter!"

Garcilasco heard the ominous grinding clicks as the big, curved fighting knives were opened. He shrank against the sandbags, prepared to die. A shadow leapt over his head, another, and another. The post was full of silent turmoil as a raiding party attacked it with clubs and daggers. One of the raiders leapt on Garcilasco, knocked him down, knelt on him to slit his throat, and he only just managed to save himself by muttering Roja's battle-cry. Even then he was dragged away half-stunned and had to submit to a savage cross-examination from a major to prove himself.

But he did, easily. He even made the major realise how important it was to get him in touch with general headquarters. He couldn't give away the secret of his message, of course, but he did make the man understand it was a matter of victory or defeat, life or death. From that moment his trials were over. The major could not put him in touch with headquarters, because the telephone line was cut, but he gave him a fast car that would carry him to the Hotel Bristol at Tarlifera, where General Roja had his headquarters, in little over an hour. More, he would send torch signals ahead to clear the road and warn the General that Garcilasco was on the way.

[Continued on page VIII.

* *All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY JANE HAYDON.

A DÉBUTANTE AMONG THE FAMILY TITIANS.

LADY MARGARET EGERTON, *fifth daughter of the Earl and Countess of Ellesmere, made her début this year. Our photograph shows her in the picture gallery of Lord Ellesmere's historic London residence, Bridgewater House, standing in front of some of the famous Titians which are among the greatest treasures of the Ellesmere collection.*

MRS. JOHN GOODEDAY *and* LADY BROWNLOW *(right) attended the Carnival Ball and evening party held at Iver Heath in aid of the Cinematograph Trade Benevolent Fund.*

WAS there a Peak Private Party in Coronation Season? I had definitely made up my mind that the Duchess of Sutherland's ball was the grandest that I should ever see; and then, last week, we had the coming-out dance given by Colonel Sir Harold and Lady Zia Wernher for their daughter Georgina, which changed my ideas, as it ran the Sutherland festivity close for splendour and importance, and, as it was a débutantes' affair, had an added atmosphere of joyous youth. The front of Someries House was almost hidden behind the great covered way erected for the protection of guests on arrival. They were confronted by masses of shiny green leaves and huge white magnolia blooms, which looked most effective under the lighting from round golden "moons" suspended from a muslin canopy. The magnolias, though very convincing, were actually made of wax, as the season for them is over.

MISS INGEGERD BRUCE *and* MISS DOREEN JOWETT *were two smart young racegoers at Sandown.*

Pink satin settees, with little modern glass tables, were placed in a corner of the ballroom marquee, and from this area their Majesties the King and Queen, who had honoured Sir Harold and Lady Zia by their presence at dinner, watched the dancers and saw the de Marcos, from Grosvenor House, give an exhibition dance. Pink muslin formed the walls and ceiling of this room, with silver pillars of a "harp" design at intervals. Pink wicker chairs were placed in the additional sitting-out marquee, and green chairs on the lawns, but the chilly atmosphere of the June night rather militated against the sylvan touch being fully enjoyed. Rather did the 800 guests give thanks for the adequate heating arrangements!

The guests included Princess Alice and Lord Athlone, Princess Arthur of Connaught, the Carnegies, the Louis Mountbattens, the Carisbrookes, and Lady Iris Mountbatten and other members of the Royal Family. Gold plate, including the Gold Cup won by Precipitation at Ascot this year, adorned a polished mahogany side-table in the dining-room. The heroine of the evening, Miss Georgina Wernher, chose to wear a pale golden yellow tulle in the ballerina style, very simple and dainty, and Lady Zia was splendid in white satin embroidered with a design of shaded flowers carried out in tiny beads.

. . . . . .

Mrs. Leo d'Erlanger's party was an excellent festivity, I'm told. Mr. "Bill" Astor lent his house next door—or, rather, his garden at 45, Upper Grosvenor Street—so that two marquees could be put up; and I believe that he even allowed a small, temporary breach to be made in the dividing wall. Special chefs came and cooked whatever any guest might fancy over special chafing dishes installed for the purpose, and the coloured musicians who discoursed hot music were all first-rate artists. What more could anyone want?

WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW.

It was really lovely to play truant from London parties and crowded rooms for a day in the open air at the first summer meeting at Newmarket. There is a gay Continental air about the stands on the July course, and the tables set out at the back, and the snack-bar, are much in request. I was not alone in looking forward to the meeting, for it was very crowded, though I did not see our regular ducal racing quartet, their Graces of Roxburghe and Norfolk.

The Aga Khan and Prince Ali were there, surrounded by friends, all talking about the Grand Prix meeting in Paris. Lady Wolverton sat on a seat in the paddock for some time with the Aga Khan and was inquiring after his mother, whom she had met in India when she was out there a couple of years ago. He said that she is now eighty-seven and is still very active. He added that she had been over to Europe several times quite recently.

MRS. SHUTE, MRS. PICARD, MRS. REVOLTA, *and* MRS. MANERO, *wives of members of the victorious U.S.A. Ryder Cup team, watched the play at Southport.*

. . . . .

The James Bairds were discussing their plans with friends, and saying that they had not yet decided if they would take Ranksborough, for, though the house is nice and would not require much alteration, the gardens are not very spacious. Mrs. Baird looked well in a duck's-egg blue suit with a georgette scarf of azalea pink, and cute little trimmings of ribbon to match on her "baby-boy" felt hat. Her husband is one of the "white" bowler brigade, and, with his striped blue flannel suit, was quite in the country type of clothes most men choose for this meeting. Lord Rosebery was in brown, with a felt hat to match, and his I Zingari tie; and Lord Lonsdale had black ghillie shoes, one of his smart cut-away coats, and a soft hat—if you like a few male fashion notes! I saw Lord Derby with Mrs. Charles Wood, his granddaughter, who is as keen on racing as he is.

In the Members' Stand the recently engaged Anne Campbell was to be observed with her mother, Mrs. Shuttleworth, but I did not see her Austrian fiancé, so presume he has gone back to Austria for the moment. Most of the women wore printed dresses and long coats, as it was not too warm, though very pleasant, sitting out on the lawns and in the paddock. The Princess Royal, who wore green, was very interested in seeing the King's horse, Fairlead, parade before the third race, in which he was placed second to Mr. William Murray's Incendiaire.

MISS SCHREIBER, *the* COUNTESS OF BRECKNOCK, *and* MRS. RIRID MYDDELTON, *daughter of Lady Violet Astor (l. to r.), competed in the second golf tournament organised by Lady Brecknock in aid of the Children's Country Holiday Fund at Moor Park.*

. . . . .

Theatrical events of the week included two good charity shows with amateurs as stars. The first was Miss Vacani's Children's Dancing Matinée, to which the Princesses came, accompanied by their Nannie, and I think it was the first occasion I recall on which the National Anthem has been played for the little girls only. They looked quite charming standing up in the box in their blue coats, and wearing no hats to hide their pretty hair. Princess Margaret was much interested in her bouquet, which was of stephanotis, fastened to her

fan-shaped programme ; and their young Royal Highnesses also accepted small medals like those given to all the pupils of Miss Vacani who took part in the programme.

The little dancers included Lady Caroline Blackwood, daughter of Lady Dufferin ; Tessa Fox-Strangways, Lady Stavordale's little girl ; Sandra Gully, elder daughter of Lady Selby ; and Countess Louise, the daughter of the Princesse de Caraman-Chimay. I saw the Duchess of Marlborough's girls, Lady Sarah and Lady Caroline Spencer-Churchill, selling programmes and looking very slim and elegant in black and white spotted crêpe dresses and black hats. Lady Maud Carnegie was in a box and Lady Carisbrooke brought Lady Iris Mountbatten.

. . . .

The other matinée, " A Picture Gallery Come to Life," which was at Grosvenor House, was an admirable show, and I congratulate the organisers on their lovely productions. Lady Mansfield as a Perugino Madonna was lovely, and Lady Ronaldshay, who appeared as Fragonard's " Le Souvenir " (last week we gave a photograph of her in the tableau), was remarkably successful in holding the difficult pose with outstretched hands. I never saw a movement. I also admired Lady Dunmore as Whistler's "Mother," and Lady Mary Acheson and Virginia Barnato as the same artist's " Symphony in White."

The Duchess of Kent looked lovely in one of her Ascot dresses, an all-white one with a posy of cornflowers, and a huge blue hat with a chin-strap of velvet. She had tea with the Duchess of Devonshire and Lord and Lady Rushcliffe, and the audience also included the Duchess of Roxburghe and Lady Elizabeth Oldfield.

. . .

We had to wait until the closing weeks of Coronation grand opera at Covent Garden for the new opera about " Our ancient friend Don Juan," but he is not " sent to the devil somewhere ere his time" in the Bennett-Goossens version. Far from it ; he ends his life in the odour of sanctity, but off the stage—on it we merely see him starting to repent. The world première of " Don Juan de Mañara " was a great event. The libretto, as I expect you all know, is by Arnold Bennett, who based it on an early play of his own of that name, which was itself an adaptation of one by Alexandre Dumas *père*. The hero is much wickeder than that of Mozart's opera, but that does not seem to prevent his success with women. On the contrary !

Mr. Goossens could not complain of the lack of enthusiasm on the part of the audience, thus contradicting the statement that Covent Garden only appreciates foreign music, and after the very lovely serenade people broke in with loud and spontaneous applause. Laurence Tibbett sang admirably in the title-rôle, and the whole production and the singing were extremely good.

The house was packed, and quite one of the most enthusiastic members of the audience was Mr. William Walton, the composer, who sat in the stalls with Sidonie Goossens, the harpist and highly decorative sister of Eugene Goossens. Lady Ravensdale, handsome and sparkling with jewels, was there, and so were Sir Victor and Lady Warrender.

. . . .

The opening of the Ballet season at Covent Garden is as socially and artistically important as the opening of the Opera season, and at the de Basil première the house was packed from floor to ceiling with good balletomanes applauding their favourites and delighted to see them again.

The programme started with " Cimarosiana " which has not been given since Diaghileff days. With admirable scenery by Sert and beautiful music by Cimarosa, this ballet evokes eighteenth-century Italy with its gaiety and style. After that came " La Boutique Fantasque," which always produces delirium in the audience, reaching its peak when Massine and Danilova dance their can-can. The third item was " Le Mariage d'Aurore," which is such an admirable medium for the display of real, classical dancing.

Lady Elizabeth Paget, in royal blue, was one of the enthusiasts. Lady Oxford, another Russian ballet fan, and one of long standing, was in a box, and Lady Rosse was there, looking lovelier than ever. Mr. and Mrs. Sacheverell Sitwell were in the stalls ; not far off was Mrs. St. John Hutchinson, in black, with one of the fashionable evening veils draped over her hair.

Another artistic occasion of the week was Ivan Phillipowsky's recital at the Wigmore Hall, when the applause must have proved to him how glad we all were to hear him again after his absence in the U.S.A. and Canada. His programme was both varied and interesting.

MARIEGOLD.

" A Picture Gallery Come to Life " was the title of the Tableaux Vivants show at Grosvenor House. Here is a rehearsal picture with MRS. GUY EAGLETON, *who was Mme. Récamier;* MISS VIVIAN DE BERTODANO, *in a Victorian costume; the* COUNTESS OF RONALDSHAY, *who was Fragonard's " Le Souvenir "; and* MRS. " BILL " VON NAMEN *in Japanese costume, facing the camera, from left to right.*

The Princesses visited the London Zoo last week. Here H.R.H. PRINCESS MARGARET *is having a ride on a tiny Shetland. The* HON. MRS. GEOFFREY BOWLBY, *Woman of the Bedchamber to H.M. the Queen, accompanied them, and* MISS VERA BUCK, *one of the assistants at the Pets' Corner, led the pony.*

H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT *wore a large hat with a chin-strap of blue velvet to match the cornflowers on her corsage when she attended the " A Picture Gallery Come to Life " charity matinée.*

EASY-TO-LOOK-AT OPERA STARS.

MISS MARGARET CARLISLE, *who sang Donna Inez at Covent Garden in " Don Juan de Mañara," the new opera by Goossens to book by Arnold Bennett, is as easy to look at as to listen to. In fact, she is an outstandingly beautiful girl.*

MISS ROSE BAMPTON, *the American mezzo-soprano who flew from Holland to make her Covent Garden début as Amneris at the last performance of " Aïda " this season, is one of the most beautiful women who have ever sung the rôle. She was due to broadcast last night, July 6, and then leaves for the Continent. She is to give a concert in London on November 2.*

OPHELIA.

BY GERALD L. BROCKHURST, A.R.A. EXHIBITED IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY, 1937.

SUN AND SAND AND GINGER.

GINGER ROGERS "resting" is as pretty a sight as that Radio star tap-dancing. The new film following on after "Shall We Dance?" is to be "Stage Door," in which she will co-star with Katharine Hepburn.

FROM THE PAINTING BY GEORGE CATTERMOLE.

BRIDES, BRIDEGROOMS, AND WEDDING GUESTS.

The marriage of MR. VERNON CHAMBERS, *younger son of Mr. Robert Anstey Chambers, to* MISS MARY ("BUNTY") MAITLAND-MAKGILL-CRICHTON, *only daughter of Lieut.-Commander James Maitland-Makgill-Crichton, took place at St. Margaret's. The bride and bridegroom toasted each other at the reception.*

MRS. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, *wife of the Prime Minister, attended the marriage of Miss Bailey and Mr. Rumbold.*

MISS ANN SITWELL, *only daughter of the late Brig.-General W. H. Sitwell and of Mrs. Sitwell, of Barmoor Castle, married* MR. CHRISTOPHER HARTLEY, *only son of Brig.-General Sir Harold and Lady Hartley, at the Temple Church.*

The COUNTESS OF INCHCAPE *at the marriage of her niece-by-marriage, Miss Bailev.*

Right: MISS PRIMROSE GORDON, *a guest at the marriage of Miss Bailey.*

Left: MISS CRESSIDA BONHAM-CARTER, *daughter of Lady Violet Bonham-Carter, was a bridesmaid to Miss Bailey.*

Right: The marriage of MISS FELICITY BAILEY, *younger daughter of Colonel and Lady Janet Bailey, and niece of the Earl of Inchcape, to* MR. HORACE ANTHONY RUMBOLD, *H.M. Diplomatic Service, only son of Sir Horace and Lady Rumbold, was solemnised at St. Margaret's.*

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

MR. H. M. TURNER—FOR BEING SIXTY YEARS A TIME-KEEPER TO OXFORD UNIVERSITY ATHLETICS AND BEING APPARENTLY FORGOTTEN BY FATHER TIME HIMSELF.

MISS MYRTLE MACLAGAN—FOR KNOCKING UP CENTURIES FOR ENGLAND AGAINST AUSTRALIA ON BOTH SIDES OF THE WORLD IN THE WOMEN'S TEST MATCHES.

FLIGHT-LIEUT. M. J. ADAM—FOR BEING THE R.A.F. PILOT, ORIGINALLY DESTINED TO BE A "SKY PILOT," WHO SMASHED THE ITALIAN ALTITUDE RECORD AND SET UP A NEW WORLD'S RECORD OF 10¼ MILES UP.

MR. H. M. TURNER, of Oxford, this year enters upon his eightieth year and celebrates his Diamond Jubilee as timekeeper to Oxford University Athletics. He is a remarkably young-looking man—in fact, so youthful in appearance that one is tempted to imagine that his confrère, Father Time, has passed him by. Mr. Turner himself thinks that the secret of his apparently eternal youth is that he lives in the hub of the City of Youth. When he is not timekeeping for the Dark Blue athletes, he spends his time looking after his bees.

MISS MYRTLE MACLAGAN, daughter of the late Colonel R. S. Maclagan, R.E., made the first century for England against Australia in the Women's Test match at Blackpool. She was also the first woman to secure one in Australia a couple of years ago.

FLIGHT-LIEUT. M. J. ADAM, R.A.F., last week set up a new international aeroplane height record of 53, 937 ft. (10¼ miles) in a Bristol 138 monoplane with a special Pegasus engine with a two-stage supercharger, thus making a swift and smashing reply to the Italian record made by Colonel Mario Pezzi last May, when he climbed to 51,362 ft. and beat the British record of 49,967 ft. set up last September by Squadron-Leader Swain. Flight-Lieut. Adam was originally destined for the Church.

MME. MATHIEU—FOR HAVING WHEELED HER BABY IN ITS "PRAM" TO COMPETE IN AND WIN THE FRENCH JUNIOR LAWN TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP FOR UNDER-EIGHTEEN-YEAR-OLDS.

MME. MATHIEU, the French lawn tennis "ace," won the French Junior Championship twelve years ago. She entered as Mme. Mathieu, and at first the judges imagined that this must be a mistake, as the competition is for players under eighteen. Mme. Mathieu then wheeled her six-months-old baby along in its "pram" to convince the authorities that she was married, and showed them her birth certificate to prove that she was eligible for the contest.

VISCOUNTESS CASTLEROSSE—FOR HAVING A ROSY AND TWO-FACED BACK AS WELL AS A BEAUTIFUL FACE.

VISCOUNTESS CASTLEROSSE wore a striking coat of black satin when she attended the first night of "The Court Waltzes" at the Curzon Cinema. It had a yoke composed of pink roses, and was trimmed with gold braid in a pattern which formed two faces seen in profile and almost meeting. But however decorative Lady Castlerosse may contrive to make her back view, everyone would undoubtedly prefer to see her very lovely face.

THE season of grand opera at Covent Garden closed last week with a performance of Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde," in which WALTER WIDDOP, the British tenor, sang the rôle of Tristan to the Isolde of Mme. Kirsten Flagstad, the famous Norwegian dramatic soprano.

MR. WALTER WIDDOP—FOR BEING A 100 PER CENT. BRITISH TRISTAN AT COVENT GARDEN.

CAMERA PORTRAIT BY DOROTHY WILDING.

THE KING AND QUEEN WENT TO HER DANCE.

MISS GEORGINA WERNHER *is the débutante daughter of Colonel Sir Harold and Lady Zia Wernher and a granddaughter of the late Grand Duke Michael of Russia. T.M. the King and Queen honoured Sir Harold and Lady Zia Wernher by dining with them and attending the coming-out ball which they gave for Miss Georgina last week at Someries House, Regent's Park.*

LADY PLUNKET *will wear this Victorian dress in " Cecil Beaton's Scrap Album," the entertainment which Mr. Beaton is presenting at the " Anti-Dud " Ball at the Dorchester on July 13 in aid of the British Provident Association.*

MRS. VON HOFFMANSTHAL, *formerly Miss Ali the tableau in which she will appear in " Ceci*

SOCIETY WOM FOR A SC

PHOTOGR

...or, in her Victorian costume for "The Letter," ...ton's Scrap Album" at the "Anti-Dud" Ball.

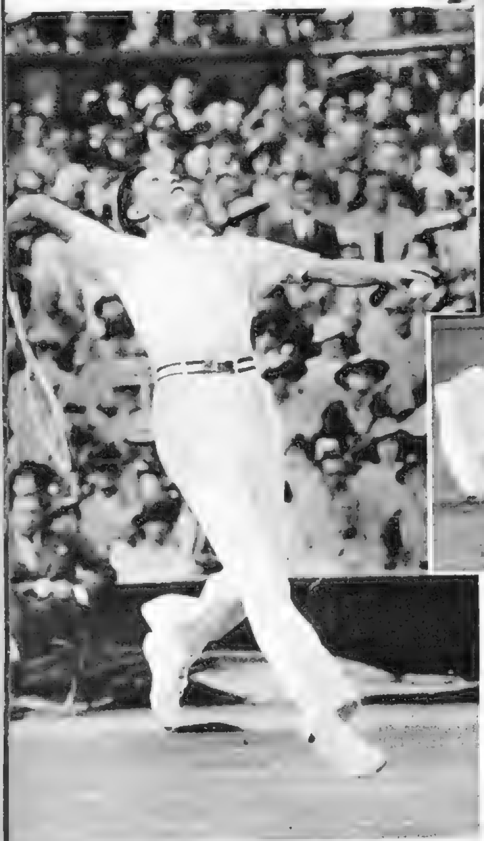
...N AS BEAUTIES ...AP ALBUM.

...BY SASHA.

The HON. MRS. JAMES BECK, only sister of Lord Glenconner, in her Regency dress as "The Farmer's Daughter" for the entertainment at the "Anti-Dud" Ball in aid of the British Provident Association.

SPEED SNAPS OF THE NEW CHAMPION AND RUNNER-UP.

THE MEN'S SINGLES FINALISTS IN ACTION.



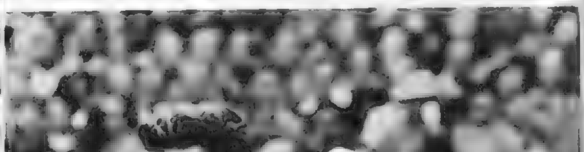
A fine action study of BARON GOTTFRIED VON CRAMM, *who lost to Donald Budge in the final of the Men's Singles at Wimbledon. Queen Mary watched the end of the match and both players were subsequently presented to her Majesty.*

The finish of a telling stroke! BARON GOTTFRIED VON CRAMM.

BARON GOTTFRIED VON CRAMM *(Germany) met Donald Budge, of the U.S.A., in the final of the Men's Singles.*

DONALD BUDGE *(U.S.A.), Champion of 1937, all out!*

DONALD BUDGE *(U.S.A.), the new Champion, beat Baron Gottfried von Cramm in the final (6—3, 6—4, 6—2).*



The terrific speed of DONALD BUDGE'S *game is illustrated by this snapshot.*

MISS ROUND MEETS MISS JEDRZEJOWSKA.

THE ANGLO-POLISH FINAL: WOMEN'S SINGLES.

MISS DOROTHY ROUND *(G.B.) was in tremendous form at Wimbledon and thrilled all lawn tennis fans by the great game she played. She met Miss Jedrzejowska in the final.*

A graceful study of MISS DOROTHY ROUND *running to take a shot. She beat Mme. Mathieu, the French star, in the semi-final.*

A picture of concentration. MISS ROUND *playing a difficult stroke.*

MISS J. JEDRZEJOWSKA *(Poland) met Miss Dorothy Round in the final of the Ladies' Singles at Wimbledon.*

MISS J. JEDRZEJOWSKA *(Poland) in play in the semi-finals match in which she defeated the U.S.A. Champion, Miss Alice Marble.*

Another study of MISS J. JEDRZEJOWSKA *(Poland), showing her playing a forceful shot.*

MISS PRUNELLA CLOUGH-TAYLOR *(left) won the Maude Nathan Cup for swimming speed and style and diving for girls from 14 to 21 at the Bath Club competitions. The other entrants were (l. to r.) the* MISSES PAMELA BELLAIRS, NORMA CALVOCORESSI, *and* CHERRY HENDERSON-SCOTT.

The entrants for the Children's Challenge Shield for subscribers from 9 to 14 were the MISSES CLAIRE BULL, MARY MARGARET COKE, ELIZABETH PARISH, DEREKA BEARD, *the winner;* VIRGINIA SYME, *the* HON. ELA BEAUMONT, *and* MYRA WERNHER *(l. to r.).*

The "under-nine brigade" who entered for the Children's Challenge Cup for swimming, life-saving, and diving were (l. to r.) MAUREEN DILLON, *the winner;* DION BEARD, DAWN HOLMAN RICHARDS, ROBIN CHANTER, DIANA BULL, *and* ANN WILSON.

The Ladies' Championship of the Bath Club, for swimming, life-saving, and diving, was won by MISS VENETIA FRIPP *(centre). The other entrants were* MISS MARY HENNIKER HEATON *and* MISS IVONA DAVIES *(left), and* LADY DIANA FINCH-HATTON *and* LADY LETTICE ASHLEY-COOPER *(right).*

Left: The Rose Bowl Competition to encourage life-saving methods of swimming was won by MISS BEATRICE GROSVENOR *(centre).* MRS. POPE *(left) and* MISS PATRICIA HAMILTON *were the other entrants.*

Right: H.R.H. PRINCESS ELIZABETH *and* H.R.H. PRINCESS MARGARET, *who are regular swimmers at the Bath Club, watched the competitions and presented the prizes.* MAUREEN DILLON, *winner of the Children's Challenge Cup, is receiving her trophy from Princess Elizabeth.*

THE PRINCESSES PRESENT SWIMMING PRIZES.

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DANCES WHICH DEPEND ON THE HANDS AS MUCH AS THE FEET.

Uday Shan-Kar and his company of native Hindu dancers and musicians opened their two-weeks' season at the Gaiety on Monday, July 5. ZOHRA, UZRA, *and* SIMKIE *are shown in "Snanam" as three young girls who have come out to pluck flowers and bathe in the river, and are alarmed by the noise of approaching footsteps.*

SIMKIE, *the prima ballerina of the Uday Shan-Kar troupe, in "Mariwari," one of her numbers. The beautiful movements of her arms should be noted.*

UDAY SHAN-KAR *in the Dance of Indra.*

A wonderful pose by UDAY SHAN-KAR.

The sinuous grace of UDAY SHAN-KAR'S *hands.*

UDAY SHAN-KAR *with members of his company, and, in the background, the Hindu musicians with their traditional instruments, some of superb ancient workmanship.*

The MOVEMENTS OF THE HANDS *are as important as those of the feet in these dances, which re-create age-old Hindu stories of folk-lore. The poses of the dancers recall the statues in Indian art.*

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE STAGE.

By IVOR BROWN.

REVUE alters very little, except with regard to popularity. It seems to be harder than ever to persuade the people in search of "one of those musical things" that the mixture of song-and-sketch (with brains) is preferable to the larger spread of nonsense (with the pretence of plot) which is musical comedy. During the war, and afterwards for a while, revue was on top. Fifteen years ago, one might have said that musical comedy had no future and that revue was the conqueror. Not so to-day. However, Mr. Beverley Nichols has again declared his faith by putting up a one-man show, as far as authorship and musical composition are concerned. "FLOODLIGHT," at the Saville Theatre, arrived as a very generous helping on the first night, and criticism observed that it was not all sugar and spice or currants and sultanas, but contained a certain amount of less than plummy duff. Well, there was plenty of opportunity for cutting, and the duff, I suppose, will have been diminished by now, and the fruit will have matured. There was a sufficiency of amusing episodes, in any case, to make a lively two-hour show.

With all due respect to the author, it is the company that chiefly carries a revue. Here "Floodlight," though glittering on the distaff side, is a bit dim on the male side. Mr. John Mills has a nice personality and a more than adequate equipment of the graces of a light comedian, but his business for most of the evening is rather to be Miss Frances Day's companion, or a solo performer in sentimental song and dance, than the droll which he might be. Mr. Lyle Evans puts across two turns of his own with an excellent attack, but as a revue-artist he does not yet prove himself to be in the Keys or Hulbert class, and somebody of that kind is what the show most obviously requires.

"FLOODLIGHT," *at the Saville. This is a picture of Johnny* (JOHN MILLS) *eschewing the vile luxury of the night club, and Laura* (HERMIONE BADDELEY), *and resolving to return to beef, beer and rowing like mad for the Varsity.*

The ladies, on the other hand, can turn out a first-rate comedy team. Miss Hermione Baddeley, who is rising to that throne from which Miss Maisie Gay appears to have abdicated, has some really good, as well as some less good, stuff to work upon, and also the excellent efficiency in support of Miss Sylvia Leslie and Miss Betty Shale. The star is Miss Frances Day. Some revue-lovers swear by Knight (June), others by Day (France's), and far be it from me to decide where lies the greater glory. In any case, Miss Day adorns the stage with the blanched loveliness of moonshine, and warbles of little white rooms, Wordsworthian daffodils, and artificial flowers with the utmost elegance and the necessary show of belief that it is all very beautiful. As, indeed, much of Mr. René Hubert's decoration certainly is. The decorative high-spot is the Duchess of Richmond's famous pre-Waterloo ball, which makes a charming and very well-laundered spectacle on the modern stage. What I wonder is how the young officers of 1815 paid their laundry bills and kept themselves so marvellously spick. Among the batmen of the Waterloo "Guardees," the swearing in Flanders must have been as terrible as ever before or since in that country of hard blows and even harder words.

"Dancing with the Daffodils" in "Floodlight," at the Saville. This lyric verse of Wordsworth forms the basis of a number in which MISS FRANCES DAY *appears. Mr. Wordsworth is also shown, suitably acknowledging the occasion.*

The Stage Society wound up its year's work with an adaptation of M. François Porché's "TSAR LENIN." If I were a member of the Society I should complain that the council do not get their work put through in the winter, when Sunday playgoing is excusable, instead of dallying till after midsummer. Who wants to cut short the last week-end of June in order to hurry to a theatre for a Russian history lesson, most of which could as well be read in a good biography as heard from the stage? True, the date does not affect the merits of the play, which were, despite a certain superficial pretentiousness of method, considerable. There was a very fair picture of Lenin as a man who prided himself on his iron rationalism and was in fact slightly whimsical, who denounced morality as sentimental pap, and was himself an austere moralist, who was driven by so common a motive as revenge to actions for which he found the best Marxian reasons, who was gradually so hardened by the hardness of his position, the bitterness of enemies, and the treachery of colleagues, that he developed conspiracy-mania, and became, despite certain traces of magnanimity, a spiteful dealer in bloody retributions. Mr. Basil Sydney strode powerfully through an enormous part and seemed not only to know his own multitudinous lines perfectly, but to be ready to prompt anyone else. Real devotion and real talent went to this performance which reconciled me to a hurried dash from an enchanting countryside.

The title of "NO SLEEP FOR THE WICKED," the new piece at Daly's, suggests a rather naughty farce, and the presence of Mr. Peter Haddon in the leading rôle suggests abundant drollery with a drawl. Well, nothing, of course, can stop Mr. Haddon from drawling drollery and being generally entertaining in the P. G. Wodehouse manner. But the author of the play, Mr. D. L. Ames, has larger matters in hand than people who miss their way in the corridor and knock at the wrong door. The wicked, in this case, are armament racketeers, our old acquaintances the International Gang, and the gentleman who is giving the gun-runners no sleep is Mr. Sixsmith, of the British Secret Service. He looks a casual sort of dandy, with a nice saloon-bar elbow and an easy line of conversation for saloon-bar blondes; but really, he, who, of course, is Mr. Peter Haddon, is the devil of a fellow for finding secret panels, throttling sentries, fighting all comers in the dark, and generally cleaning-up the district of Tangier which is the scene of the action of the play.

This is certainly the stuff to give the boys at home for the holidays, and August is not far off. After all, "The Frog" ran for more than a year, and there are plenty of full-grown people who can relish a bit of melodrama which might be labelled "For Non-Adults Only." Mr. Ames's piece will satisfy these, for it rattles along from murder to mystery, mixes banter with brawling, and serves up some good lines with socks on the jaw, flashing of daggers, and firing of guns. Mr. Haddon dashes into the mauls with alacrity and makes his fists and his good lines tell; Miss Claire Luce is excellent as a blonde with a load of mischief; and Mr. Walter Fitzgerald, who captains the wicked, puts in a fine evening of dirty work and is kept on the sleepless run by the vigilant Sixsmith, who looks so soft and hits so hard.

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE CINEMA.

By MICHAEL ORME.

AN addition to London's Continental cinemas, the Berkeley (late the Lansdowne News Theatre), has opened with an adaptation of Gerhardt Hauptmann's play "Vor Sonnenuntergang." Significantly re-christened "DER HERRSCHER," this German prize film unfolds the story of a struggle for supremacy between a wealthy widower, who finds renewed happiness with his young secretary, and his entire family. Hauptmann's bitter indictment of the younger generation's supreme egotism was an intimate psychological study of conflicting characters. It emerges on the screen as ponderous drama, though some of its quality remains, and Emil Jannings, as the tortured but finally triumphant iron-master, draws a portrait that is completely convincing in its quiet power and growing passion. The play, impressive at moments and notably well acted, has been capped with a new ending to embody Germany's national ideals, and thus the problem finds a solution foreign to its context, though carefully designed to serve the purpose of the picture's sponsors.

"Dancing with the Duke" in "Floodlight." This is a purely imaginative study of MISS FRANCES DAY *in "Prelude to Battle"—which is all about the Duchess of Richmond's ball and the cannon's opening roar—shelving the Poet Laureate for the Iron Duke.*

Having duly undergone certain modifications at the hands of the Film Censors, "THE COURT WALTZES" has arrived at the Curzon, and proves to be so closely related to a butterfly that it is difficult to imagine it bound to the wheel of censorship. Certainly it introduces Queen Victoria sighing for the love of Prince Albert and introducing the waltz to Buckingham Palace as a fillip to sentiment. But Queen, Prince and Palace are fictions borrowed from a fairy-tale, and the only echo of history—musical history at that—is the rivalry between Josef Lanner and Johann Strauss, whose causes are espoused by Lanner's charming daughter and a gallant young drummer in the Strauss orchestra. The plot, hinging on a stolen melody, travels from Vienna to a London that might be Vienna, to the accompaniment of the two musicians' graceful melodies. It is a pretty, fanciful piece, decorated with the frills and furbelows of the period, remote from reality, and attuned to the spirit of the waltz. Fernand Gravey and Jeanine Crispin handle their lovers' quarrels with a light hand, and Pierre Mingand makes the waltz-king a merry fellow with a knowing twinkle in his eye.

Humphrey Bogart, whose performance as the gangster was so memorable an asset of that fine picture, "The Petrified Forest," is now a star in his own right, and handles the part of the "hero" of "BLACK LEGION" (New Gallery) with an admirable sense of character. The film tells a highly melodramatic story of the machinations of a gang of crooks who, masquerading as a patriotic secret society, incite its members to a harrowing series of brutalities and violence designed to oust the hated foreigner from the ranks of honest American workers. Caught in the toils of these double-crossing gentlemen, Taylor, a young engineer, becomes the involuntary instrument of the murder of his best friend, and is sentenced, in company with the rest of the Legion, to penal servitude for life. The picture, strongly, and also observantly, directed by Archie Mayo, is realistically staged, with its backgrounds of factory and domestic life, and though its subject puts considerable strain upon the credulity of English onlookers, the acting of Humphrey Bogart, sensitive and finely controlled, rivets attention from first to last.

"KID GALAHAD," at the Gaumont, Haymarket, is by way of being a paradise for prize-fight "fans." Not only does the picture include several preliminary bouts punctuating the rise to fistic fame of a stalwart young bell-hop, but it batters its way through a double-crossing world to a final championship contest that runs to eleven rounds and leaves little to the imagination. There is plenty of punch in this boxing drama, nor are its knock-out blows confined to the ring. Donati, an autocratic and quick-tempered manager of prize-fighters, sighs for a pugilist in whom success will not stifle obedience. Discovering in the bell-hop a dynamic "right" and a docile spirit, he uses both to build up a coming champion, until the boy claims freedom in his private affairs. Then he is deliberately thrown to a lion in his big fight, unmercifully hammered, but saved at the last moment by his manager's change of heart—and tactics. A double killing at the end is something of an anti-climax, though it allows Humphrey Bogart to prowl into action with sinister intent and to do it impressively. Michael Curtiz has directed the picture at a great pace, packing it with the thrills of the ring, and the hustle of publicity campaigns, and relieving it with brief romantic interludes. It is "tough" entertainment, but it grips, losing nothing of its vigour in its handling by Edward G. Robinson, Bette Davis and Wayne Morris, a promising newcomer, who endows the personable young fighter with pluck and an engaging simplicity.

"NANCY STEELE IS MISSING" (Regal), kidnapped from her father's home by a conscientious objector—an unconvincing character, nevertheless made interesting by the fine acting of Victor McLaglen. Danny O'Neill is a hot-headed Irishman, too handy with his fists and, at the same time, a "fiercely" conscientious objector. It is this contradiction in character which Victor McLaglen succeeds in making plausible and likeable. Having successfully kidnapped the baby Nancy and left her in the care of trusted Irish friends—admirably played by Jane Darwell and Granville Bates, Danny is sentenced to two years for assaulting a police officer, but subsequently receives a life sentence for attempted manslaughter of a fellow-prisoner during a gaol-break. These prison crowd scenes are particularly well handled by the director, George Marshall. Danny's cell-companion, beautifully played by the charmingly sinister Peter Lorre, discovers his secret and that the child's father (an excellent study of manly emotion by Walter Connolly) has offered a big reward. Seventeen years later Danny and his companion are released, and from this point the story dwindles in a series of convenient coincidences to a heroic and happy ending. Apart from this constructional weakness, the picture is an excellent vehicle for Victor McLaglen's vivid and virile personality, to which Peter Lorre's suave villainy makes an effective and exciting contrast.

Our list of PLAYS AND FILMS YOU MUST SEE, and of those well worth seeing, will be found on page VIII.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANGUS MCBEAN.

THE PERFECT SPY.

MISS CLAIRE LUCE *is here seen as Magda von Eckner, the spy heroine of "No Sleep for the Wicked," the new full-blooded tale of gun-running and adventure at Daly's. Anyone with film experience looking at Miss Luce in this pose and make-up would not have the slightest difficulty in recognising that she was representing an adventurous international spy!*

THE SPANISH CIVIL WAR AS A SCREEN SUBJECT.

"THE LAST TRAIN FROM MADRID," *the new Paramount picture at the Plaza, is a drama of actuality, as it is set in war-racked Spain. Here members of the Women's Battalion are seen on active service.*

Maria (OLYMPE BRADNA) *and a comrade* (EVELYN BRENT) *are the central figures in this still of the Spanish Amazons in fighting kit.*

Captain Ricardo Alvarez (ANTHONY QUINN) *and his blood-brother, Eduardo de Soto* (GILBERT ROLAND; *left*), *with Carmelita* (DOROTHY LAMOUR), *the girl whom they both love.*

Eduardo (GILBERT ROLAND; *fifth from left*) *as one of the prisoners who are released to fight in the death-trap of Cardoso.*

The Baroness (KAREN MORLEY) *after she has shot the gigolo Michael Balk* (LEE BOWMAN) *because he refused to surrender the pass for the last train, which she bought from him.*

Ricardo (ANTHONY QUINN) *forces Colonel Vigo* (LIONEL ATWILL) *to give orders for the last train to start for Valencia before the police capture Eduardo.*

Lola (HELEN MACK) *and her wounded sweetheart* (RALF HAROLDE) *on the way to catch the last train from Madrid, assisted by Juan Ramos* (ROBERT CUMMINGS).

"VICTORIA REGINA" AT THE LYRIC.

THE QUEEN-EMPRESS *INTIME.*

"*Woman Proposes,*" *1839. Victoria* (PAMELA STANLEY) *and Prince Albert* (CARL ESMOND) *in the Proposal scene in Laurence Housman's play* "VICTORIA REGINA" *at the Lyric.*

"*Under Fire,*" *1842. Victoria has returned from the drive during which a madman made an attempt on her life.*

"*Morning Glory,*" *1840. The royal honey-mooners at Windsor Castle is one of the nine playlets chosen to make the play* "*Victoria Regina.*"

"*The Rose and the Thorn,*" *1846. Prince Albert picks up a flower which Lady Jane* (PENELOPE DUDLEY WARD) *has dropped, and returns it to her.*

"*The Rose and the Thorn,*" *1846. The Queen realises that her jealous outburst about Lady Jane was quite unjustified.*

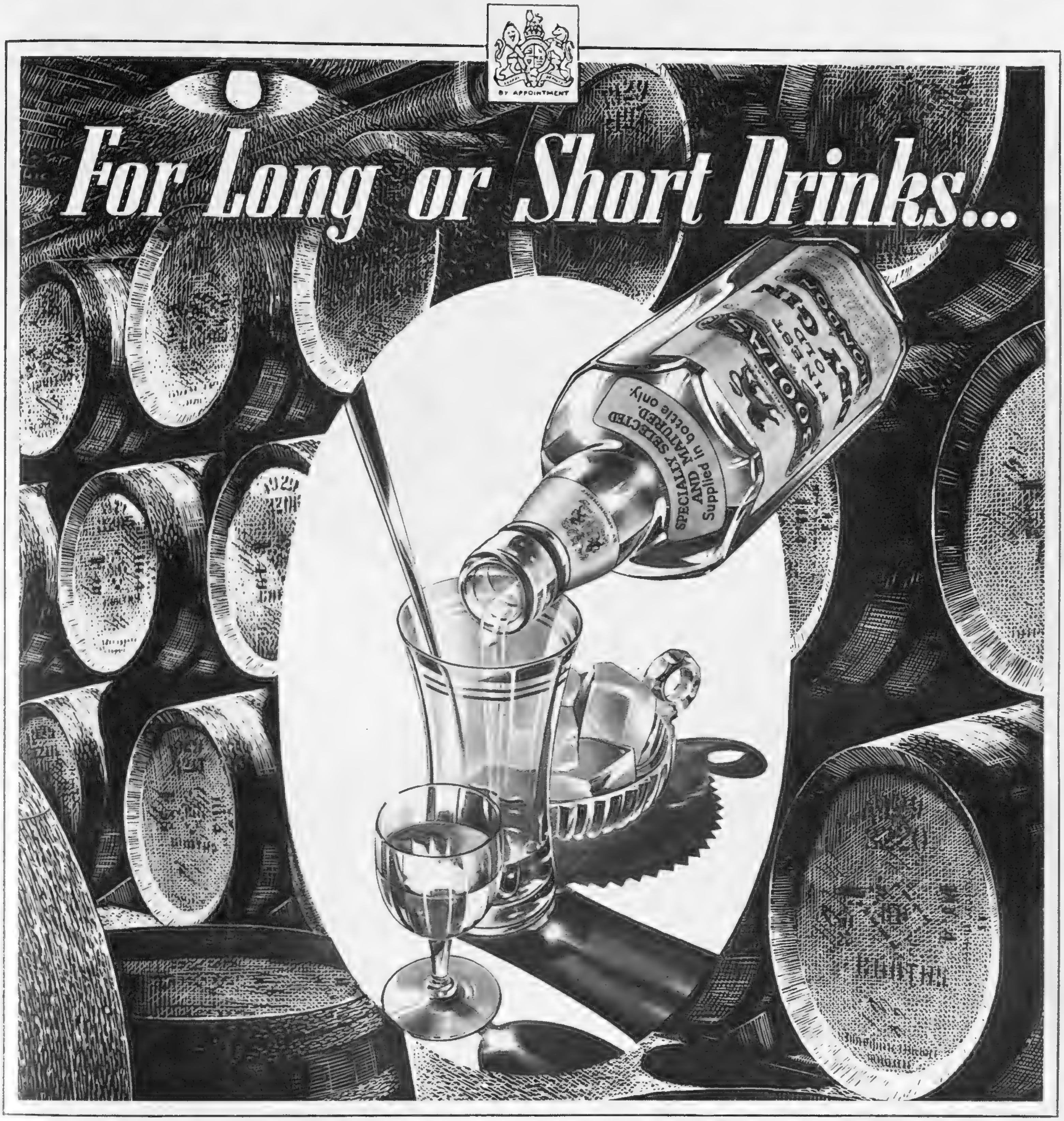
"*The Rose and the Thorn,*" *1846. The Queen admits that her jealousy of Lady Jane was unfounded.*

"*Intervention,*" *1861. The Queen studies State papers dealing with the question of intervention in the American Civil War.*

Right: "*The Queen, God Bless Her!*" *1877. John Brown* (JAMES WOODBURN) *tells the Queen that her bonnet is crooked.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANGUS MCBEAN.

"*Happy and Glorious,*" *1897. The old Queen on the day of her Diamond Jubilee celebration. Pamela Stanley plays Victoria throughout.*



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Dorland

THE DIARY

EDITED BY
OLIVE CALEY-SMITH

Hot weather is glorious—if you know how to enjoy it. Take a Yardley Beauty Box away with you when you start your holiday, for it is easy to pack and it contains all you will need. Use their English Complexion Powder, their Cherry or Vivid lipstick and rouge, and carry their elegant Fragrant loose powder Vanity Case. In gilt, delicately chased, it has a dull blue clasp, and it is slender and practical. Be sure, too, to have a bottle of their Lavender Perfume, for it is deliciously refreshing.

COOL AND FRAGRANT

HOLIDAY BEAUTY KIT

To brown or not to brown ?—that is the burning holiday question. In some ways life must have been simpler when the whole thing resolved itself into staying in or going out in the sun. Then came those unhappy days when every woman decided that she wanted to acquire sun-tan, and in the process, unless she was very careful, also acquired a distressing degree of sunburn. Now all she has to do is to settle just how brown she wants to be—and the rest is made easy for her. Which is all to the good, for surely nothing is more maddening than spoiling a holiday through blistering and peeling.

The one thing to be quite certain about is that the oil one decides to use is a thoroughly reliable one which will prevent any possibility of burning, while at the same time it encourages the skin to take on a beautiful even colour. The consistency of the oil is another important factor, for the more easily it is absorbed by the skin, the less trouble it will be. Yardley's do a Suntan Oil in which you can have implicit faith. They 've given so much thought to it that they have even put a little wicker handle on the bottle so that it can be carried about without any fuss. You can get two sizes, one at 2s. 6d. and the other at 5s. 6d., or for the same prices you can get their Sunproof Lotion, specially made for very sensitive skins that look better pale. It is waterproof, and it will completely protect you from burning or freckling.

So much for sun-bathing. For the rest, see that your summer make-up looks as natural as possible. Be sure that your powder blends perfectly with the tones of your skin : while you are by the sea use a rouge that is soft and clear with a lipstick that is rather bright without being hard. Use only a very little mascara, and be as light-handed as possible with all your cosmetics.

The easiest thing to do is to take away with you one of Yardley's Beauty Boxes. The contents vary, according to whether your skin is normal, dry, or oily, but, neat as they are, you will find that they hold all that you need. And whichever category best describes your skin, you will find that Yardley English Complexion Powder will give your face an exquisitely fine texture and that it will keep it fresh indefinitely. The powder is made in seven shades, so it is easy to find one that will match your skin.

Lastly, if you want to feel your best in hot weather, always have with you a bottle of Yardley's Lavender Perfume. It is deliciously fragrant : you can get a bottle for as little as 2s. 6d. : and it revives one almost magically when one is tired. You can get all these things practically anywhere, but if you happen to be in Bond Street you can drop in to their salon at No. 33 and there find out all you want to know about the care of your skin and the type of make-up that will be most flattering to you. They will be delighted to help you, and, if you have a little time to spare, you can, for 5s. 6d., have one of their excellent Quick Facial treatments. They do others, of course, but this is something you should specially know about.

SUN-BROWN WITHOUT SUNBURN

Sketch of Fashion

Here is the newest Page-boy coiffure, which promises to be a huge success. The hair is turned under at the back, giving a long, smooth line, and in these two pictures Raymond has combed it off the face, holding it in place by small combs and letting it fall forward again in soft curls. Here is a holiday hairdressing that will withstand any amount of abuse, for its secret lies in the cutting and in the setting.

THE NEW PAGE-BOY COIFFURE

HOW to be a happy child of Nature during the day and enviably *soignée* at night—here's another problem that besets every woman who spends an outdoor holiday. And this time it is her hair that causes the trouble. It's all very well to stride about over the moors with one's hair blowing in the wind (though it is amazing how it can sting if it flicks across the eyes) or to exult in the thrill of driving, hatless, in an open sports car—but one is distinctly at a disadvantage if one wants to dance at night and the nearest hairdresser is either miles away or too inexperienced to be of much help.

After all, let's face it—hair is tremendously important. Nothing is more tedious than a too-carefully studied coiffure when one is wearing casual clothes, but, on the other hand, not one woman in a hundred can afford just to let her features take care of themselves. A clever hairdresser can disguise poor points almost as effectively, and far less drastically, than a plastic surgeon.

THE easiest thing to do is to get somebody to design a special holiday coiffure for you in the first place. On this page are two photographs which show you one of Raymond's brilliant ideas. Important because it shows the new turned-under hairline at the back, it is intensely practical despite its air of youthful sophistication. As you can see, the hair is brushed off the face and held firmly in place by tiny combs, over which it falls forward to form a soft curl, while at the left side the same idea is carried out, but the hair is separated to make two smaller curls. Once fixed it will stay put until you comb it out again, and no amount of wind will rob it of its character.

Raymond, whose salons at 18, Grafton Street, W., always present a most animated scene, makes good use of these small combs, which, for evening wear, are edged with gold and studded with rhinestones. His permanent waving, achieved by a lotion which is harmless and which will not discolour any hair, is a joy, and in his new blue and gold department one can enjoy an Ozone treatment which clears the skin and rids it of all acidity.

ONE thing more. If you can be strong-minded, do give your nails a rest while you are away. Coralie Godfrey, who preaches nail health as a prelude to nail beauty, is convinced that all nails should be left occasionally without any varnish so that they may breathe freely. What is more, she insists that they should never be shaped to a sharp point, and that the corners should always be left on, because filing them away lessens the area beneath which the blood circulates and consequently weakens them. One thing is certain—she has worked miracles in her salon at 2, Old Bond Street, and numberless people have proved, by doing what she says, that patience really is its own reward.

Varnish or no varnish, she thinks that all nails should be treated with "Healthinale," which is supplied in a tube and should be smoothed into the cuticles after the hands are washed. Used regularly, it not only keeps the cuticles smooth and soft, it actually strengthens the nails. And if you really can't face life without some varnish, use her "Healthinamel" first. It is colourless, and it does not show at all beneath other varnish, but it does help to strengthen and beautify brittle nails. These things can be bought practically everywhere, the "Healthinale" at 2s. 6d., and the "Healthinamel" at 2s. 6d. a bottle. She also makes a new "Kreemoover" for nail enamels which is particularly good at holiday times, for in addition to all its other virtues it is easy to pack and it cannot spill. If you want any advice about your hands, call at 2, Old Bond Street, or write to Coralie, for there is no nail ailment that she cannot rapidly remove.

NEW GUIDE TO SUMMER BEACHWEAR

JOHN EVERARD

Shorts and a shirt-top in white waffle weave piqué, excellently cut—one of the delightful holiday outfits from Ships, where you can get, for every sort of occasion, clothes that are full of personality, and accessories that will earn you a reputation for being chic and gay.

IF you want to enjoy a really carefree holiday by the sea, there is nothing like spending all your time in the conventional beach kit of the moment. Nor need you fear monotony. What with play-suits, dungarees, tailored slacks and reefer jackets, and culottes, you can have as many changes as you like; you can drastically alter your silhouette from day to day, and you can play with colour to your heart's content.

We will think of play-suits first, for you must have at least one of these. It can be made of printed cotton or spotted tie-silk, and it can cost anything from about 30s. to five guineas. These are the ways it goes. The shorts and the top are cut in one, and either it will be completely backless, in which case you will wear over it a matching coat-frock that buttons all down the front and is included in the original cost, or it will have a neat shirt top, in which instance you will wear it with a matching skirt, also included in the first price. If you want to look absolutely super, you will have it in white shark-skin, for nothing else looks quite so fresh and cool.

ALTERNATIVELY, you will choose a dressmaker swim-suit, beautifully cut in printed silk or cotton, lined with jersey, and indistinguishable from a play-suit except that it likes water. Over this you will wear either a walking-length coat, tailored as carefully as any more formal ones and tied or buttoned at the waist, or a full-length coat, narrow-waisted and flaring at the hem, made in printed crêpe or in printed cotton. It 's all a matter of preference and of price—but you will find it hard to beat the cotton ones that are printed in fascinating Indian designs, and that cost only 15s. The fact that you can make these do duty as well as a dressing-gown is an added advantage.

High on the list come slacks, for they are comfortable and they are flattering. The newest ones are cut on masculine lines, narrow in the leg and built up high at the waist. Have them in navy or brown, pack lots of cotton shirts in flesh pinks and aquamarine blues, put in a few checked ones for days that are not so bright, add a vivid cardigan, and complete the outfit with a blazer or a tailored tweed jacket. If you are very slender and of rather a tomboy-ish type, dress yourself up in worsted or heavy cotton dungarees and wear them with a tailored shirt. Then, when you want to really sun-bathe, you can just take off the shirt.

WHAT else? Culottes, of course. These come into the category of spectator sports clothes, for if they are properly cut they are conventional enough for even the most formal environment. The fact that the skirt is divided is not noticeable, but it does undoubtedly make for greater freedom and comfort. These, again, can be of the gay, cheap, printed cotton variety, or they look exceptionally good in a heavy silk linen.

Here, then, are the basic items in a seaside wardrobe. If you like saving money, make the most of the summer sales, particularly at Peter Robinson's and Liberty's, for these only start on July 12. And if you want to find holiday outfits that are witty, that have a most stimulating spice of originality, and that are not at all frightening in price, go along to Ships, of 6, Lansdowne Row, W.1, for their special show of Holiday Clothes begins on July 8. You 'll be very glad that you have, if only because of the fun you 'll get out of their accessories. They are small; they 're intimate; and their clothes have great personality.

I.16.

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to the
irresistible attractions
of
a tree! . . .

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how
a cigarette
helps
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to survive
that
maddening moment . . .

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you tie on
another fly
for that fish
which is,
very obligingly,
still rising?

this is an advertisement depicting yet another occasion when Player's Cigarettes are welcome.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

"STAR MAKER" is the most ambitious novel, if novel it can be called, that I ever read. Not only does Mr. Olaf Stapledon seek to justify, or, at any rate, to explain, the ways of God to man in a general way; he goes much further. He sends his soul into the infinite (only the universe is no longer regarded as infinite) to learn its secrets at first hand. While his body lies tranced on the moor, his spirit explores the stars and the many forms of life—akin to human life, but grotesquely different in outward shape—which inhabit them. These forms of life are all illustrations of the Divine Plan, marking successive stages in its development; for like the Universe, it is constantly expanding and developing. He is not alone on his pilgrimage; his spirit is a guest in the consciousness of Bvalltu, a denizen of the first world he visits after leaving the Earth. The two of them have absolute power of thought transference and can invade and to some extent influence any mind with which they come in contact. Time and Space hardly count for them—at least, not as obstacles to their progress; they are as swift as light, as penetrating as wireless waves.

This sounds as if "Star Maker" wasan assemblage of abstractions, but it is not. In his description of the various worlds and "civilisations" visited Mr. Stapledon is as exact and concrete as is, say, Mr. H. G. Wells in one of his extra-mundane romances. I am nervous of scientific terms, but I suppose that "bio-chemical" indicates the author's attitude towards such of his hero's dis-discoveries as are endowed with life; but he also describes them in non-scientific language—often so vividly that one's stomach recoils.

MR. ERNEST MILTON *plays Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield, in the London production of Laurence Housman's "Victoria Regina," at the Lyric, and gives a flowery, brilliant, and full-flavoured portrait of that fantastic genius and famous personality of the Victorian era.*

MR. ABRAHAM SOFAER *gave a distinguished and rather restrained portrait of Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield, in the U.S.A. production of "Victoria Regina," which was such a great success in New York.*

The Capacity for Community.

But, besides being a "cosmological fantasy," "Star Maker" is also a satire somewhat in the manner of "Erewhon." In the "Other Earth," the first world the narrator visits outside our own, he finds prevailing many of the conditions which agitate Europe to-day; in later stages of his quest, among the "insectoids," for instance, he finds these difficulties resolved—

> With sadness I realised that on the Earth, though all civilised beings belong to one and the same biological species, such a happy issue of strife is impossible, simply because the capacity for community in the individual mind is still too weak.

In a sense the whole book (like most other visions of Utopia) is concerned with the effort, conscious or unconscious, of human beings (or allied creatures) to cultivate this capacity for community without at the same time losing those qualities which make individuality valuable. At one stage of his education the narrator seems to have succeeded in "pooling" his personality among his fellows while retaining its essence, its active principle—

> I was at once a particular member of a community and the possessor of the pooled experience of that community. . . . Each one, as the common "I," experienced the whole company of individuals, including his individual self, as a group of actual persons, differing in temperament and private experience. . . . With partial truth it might be said that while for love we were distinct, for knowledge, for wisdom, and for worship we were identical.

As the story proceeds, dramas occur which involve the whole order of the universe in their rise and fall. Yet the narrator's instinct for worship persists; though he still cannot understand, he must still praise and adore. But whom? Mr. Stapledon is not content with the rather vague, if telling, answer given in the Book of Job: his imagination "dares the final bound," and is rewarded with a moment of insight into the Divine Mind—

Worship.

> It was with anguish and horror, and yet with acquiescence, even with praise, that I felt or seemed to feel something of the eternal spirit's temper as it apprehended in one intuitive and timeless vision all our lives. Here was no pity, no proffer of salvation, no kindly aid. Or here were all pity and love, but mastered by a frosty ecstasy. Our broken lives, our loves, our follies, our betrayals, our forlorn and gallant defences, were one and all calmly anatomised, assessed and placed. True, they were one and all lived through with complete understanding, with insight and even with passion. But sympathy was not ultimate in the temper of the eternal spirit; contemplation was. Love was not absolute; contemplation was. And though there was love, there was also hate comprised within the spirit's temper, for there was cruel delight in the contemplation of every horror, and glee in the downfall of the virtuous. All passions, it seemed, were comprised within the spirit's temper; but mastered, icily gripped within the clear, cold, crystal ecstasy of contemplation.
> That this should be the upshot of all our lives, this scientist's, no, artist's, keen appraisal! And yet I worshipped!

Physical Distaste.

Many would not worship if presented with this conception of the Deity—though I suppose there is no good reason why one should not worship what one finds repellent; it has often been done, not only in the realm of religious experience, but in the narrower sphere of human relationships. I often found myself repelled in the course of Mr. Stapledon's story; and the reason is, I think, that he has no sense of physical distaste: he can describe a quasi-human being (always a slightly unpleasant thought to most people) and point out, for instance, that it is covered with greenish down, without apparently realising that one's sense of propriety is offended. That it should be offended is no doubt a weakness, but the weakness is part of our human heritage, and Mr. Stapledon, by disregarding it, injures that sentiment of human solidarity for which his book is, in a sense, a plea. And an analogous blind spot prevents his prose having the effect that, considering its felicities of language and feats of expression, it deserves to have. Lofty and impassioned, it often rises to eloquence; yet there is something alien, almost forbidding, in its tone, an esoteric, professional ecstasy, which troubles our enjoyment.

"The Grown-Ups."

If this were a novel with a purpose, that purpose would be to show the terrible effects, for the children, of easy divorce as practised in America. Fay and Camilla and Clair began life naturally, with a father and mother. But already, when the story begins, the children had ceased to think of their parents as having in any degree a combined personality. They lived, at first, with their mother. Then—

> One unbelievably wonderful day Father came to see them. He brought presents for them—for Fay too. He was very blond. Camilla looked up at him with wonderment and thought: "That is God."

[Continued on page vi.

This England . . .

Dittisham-on-the-Dart, S. Devon

TO lie upon that thin grass that grows only beneath trees ; to hear but the fat chuckle of water and the "over-wind" like distant breakers ; to see no movement but the cloud galleons across a blue gap ; this is peace—in England. No enervating peace, mark you. Even the placid Dart has borne some queer fish, from the first Saxon invader to the merchants from hereabouts who carried on the Bordeaux trade (and not a little piracy beside) when Agincourt was news. This England does not breed them soft, as food and drink reveal. Who but a virile race would find, mature, and maintain so grand a beer as Worthington, that true old English ale.

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FOLLOWING THROUGH.

By SANDY BUNKER.

No purpose—at least, no useful purpose—can be served by any comment upon the play in the Open Championship which is in progress at Carnoustie at this moment. After the combined attack of the United States in the Ryder Cup match at Southport last week, there is every reason to be apprehensive of individual efforts of the Americans this week. Their force has been augmented by several professionals who were not eligible for the International, and in my opinion we shall not feel the full strength of their challenge until the Open Championship reaches its climax. The United States golfers were keen about winning the Ryder Cup, but it is only human for them to wish even more to win the Open Championship. To an American professional, the winning of the British title, which virtually is the World Championship, means even more than success in their own championship. Moreover, it means lasting fame. The only senior golfers who retain their places in the stardom of professional golf on the other side of the Atlantic are those who have won the British title.

MRS. H. V. GLENDINNING *(Royal Portrush; left), winner of the Irish Ladies' Close Golf Championship at Portrush, is about to carry out the difficult task of drinking a toast from the trophy, which has a perforated rim! It is held by* MRS. E. L. KIDD *(Milltown), whom she defeated in the final at the thirty-seventh hole, after a thrilling match.*

Sarazen's Ambition. The names of Walter Hagen, Gene Sarazen, Tommy Armour, and, of course, Bobby Jones are still known all over the world, while I doubt whether most golfers in Britain or even America remember that Billy Burke, Sam Parkes, and Olin Dutra have all won the American Open title during the past six years. Sarazen and Hagen are both particularly keen on winning at Carnoustie. They realise that this, perhaps, is their last chance, for at the age of forty an American golf professional is approaching the veteran stage. Hagen, who has trained for six months during a tour of the Antipodes, is splendidly fit, but he knows that the time is coming when he can no longer stand the strain of tournament golf. So also does Sarazen. He has taken to farming, and he is as keen on it as he is on golf: "I find it very interesting to watch things grow; to breed cattle is to my mind as fascinating as breeding horses, even though you cannot see them run," he says. "Just now the farm is not keeping me, and I have to play golf to keep it going, but when I retire from golf I shall take farming seriously. So long as it can provide me with a house and three meals a day, that is all I want." His success in the British Open would bring realisation of his ambition.

Always Optimistic. Everything that could be written about the American professionals now in this country has already been written—how they train, their aspect of the game, and so on, but there are some points which may not have occurred to those who have watched them. For example, they all have the same type of swing. They endeavour to hit the ball a long way, and disregard what is called a "controlled shot" in the wind. Much has been written about American putting, but that alone is not the foundation of their excellent scores—they play their pitch shots to the green (rarely pitch-and-run) so well that they have very little putting to do. That was obvious at Southport, where the putting greens were watered for weeks continuously before the match, and enabled an approach to be played right up to the pin. Another thing that enables an American professional to win is his mental outlook on the game. Never does an American professional admit to playing badly, even when he is. If one shot in his game goes wrong, he works at it until he gets it right, but all the time he will persuade himself, and you, too, that he is playing well. I asked one member of the Ryder Cup team how he was playing after his first practice round twenty-four hours after landing at Plymouth. He was hooking all his drives and was rarely on the fairway, but he said: "I'm playing fine, and I'm hitting the ball well." The only member of the American team who admitted to playing poorly was Walter Hagen, the non-playing captain. He played as well as anyone in his team during practice, but he said: "I am no good now; I am getting old and cannot putt." From the British standpoint, his putting was splendid.

Golfers' Recruiting Campaign. It is, however, these famous professionals who are stimulating golf in the United States, and teaching the young amateurs who may be future champions. There is at the moment a recruiting campaign for golfers taking place in the United States. At many schools and colleges there is class tuition, while at most golf clubs, class teaching for men, women, and "juniors" obtains throughout the season. Bobby Jones is the head of a troupe of famous professionals who spend their whole life in lecturing and teaching golf for nothing. They travel from place to place in a demonstration van, which contains loud-speaker and cinematograph. Their activities are confined almost entirely to public golf-courses. No charge is made, and sometimes two or three thousand people attend these golf lecture-demonstrations. The professionals lecture on the game, and demonstrate all the elementary principles of the golf swing, the cinematograph illustrating the points. They explain the different types of golf shot and play them, afterwards playing an eighteen-holes exhibition. I am told by Horton Smith, who is permanently engaged in Bobby Jones's troupe of travelling golf teachers, that the interest is so great that it is often difficult to get away after spending most of the afternoon and evening on the course.

Two great cricketers are here seen at golf. They are WALLY HAMMOND, *hero of the first Test Match, and* G. O. ALLEN, *the famous Test Match captain. Hammond scored his 123rd century in first-class cricket when he scored 140 for England against New Zealand at Lord's.*

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CITY NOTES.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"SOMEONE been taking your advice, and making money out of it?" asked The Jobber, ever tactful.

"That's exactly what did happen," said The Broker wrathfully, "little as you may believe it. He bought Western Reef on my advice: took fifty pounds' profit, also on my advice; and then cursed me like hell for getting him out too soon. What do you think of that?"

"Reprehensible: but very natural," was The Engineer's comment. "I might have done the same thing myself."

"You? I'd like to hear you!"

"Give me the chance."

"Right-ho. Buy yourself Western Reefs."

"What? You, who no longer give advice, suggest buying shares in a developing mine that's years away from dividend-payments? The shares are not much better than gambling counters. You seriously advise me to buy shares like that?"

"I do," persisted The Broker. "Gambling counters they are, I know. Only fit for gamblers to hold. But still——"

"You were very hot at one time on West Wits., you know. And look how wrong you've been over them."

"Don't be grandchildish! From the start, I've told you they are shares that must be put away and forgotten."

"Get Rich Slow-instead-of-Quick, eh?" suggested The City Editor.

"That's the great idea. They are the very thing for people like you."

"Like me?"

"Yes. Rich Man's Gamble. Aren't all you newspaper chaps fabulously rich? That's what we poor devils in the Stock Exchange always put you down as being."

The City Editor looked as though he didn't quite know how to play this shot. The Merchant let him out by enquiring if anyone knew anything about Beechams—"the pill people," he added.

"Doing awfully well," The Broker replied. "I do happen to know that. Sort of thing you can put your grandmother into, and leave her there."

"Wouldn't you rather put her into Boots?"

"Well, she might mix the two, and then she would be safe."

"You can't say that any Ordinary shares are safe."

"Can't you? I'm not so sure," The City Editor reflected. "Boots I should regard as being even safer than some of the debenture stocks in foreign railways."

"Courtaulds are safe, too," The Broker considered. "Variable dividends, I know, but the Company is in a wonderful position, and is bound to do well as long as women wear anything at all."

When they had finished comparing experiences anent certain cabaret shows, The Jobber said he couldn't understand the fashion for not wearing stockings.

"It's all very well at the seaside and on cruises, but very few girls look smart in bare legs," he declared. "Oh, yes; I'm a holder of Courtaulds; and that may prejudice me. But I'll bet you that most men agree with me."

"You remember telling us to buy American Celanese, Brokie?"

"Of course I don't. The price went down pretty heavily, so why should I remember?"

"I thought you'd like to know that I bought a few more to average, and that I'm all square now."

"You didn't give me the order."

"The first one I did. The second lot I bought through a nephew of mine who became a member of your Stock Exchange last March. You don't mind, I hope?"

"Not a bit," replied The Broker with manifest sincerity. "Let the young 'uns have a chance, say I. So long," he added, "as you don't forget your old pals when they give you good advice."

"You can't tell if it's going to prove good or bad," The Merchant pointed out. "I believe it's right to buy International Tea shares, but the price is very sluggish."

"International Teas will be all right by-and-bye. There are plenty of other things that will take time to get anywhere near their old top prices."

"I hate waiting for my shares to wake up. What happens, as a rule, is that I forget all about them, and when I do dig them up, they have always gone the wrong way. Why should that be? By the law of averages——"

"There are no laws in Stock Exchange price-movements," declared The City Editor. "Even the expected sometimes happens in your markets."

"It's a blessing that the gold price has been more or less settled for a bit. I suppose we shall have an occasional scare, just as a reminder that all that is gold does not glitter."

"I'd like to dump Roosevelt and Mussolini and Hitler on a desert island for a three-months' holiday, if only to see how the world would get along without them."

"That might give stocks and shares a chance of improving. I should buy a few textiles, by way of a start."

"And sell a bear of armament shares, eh? Iron and steel, aircraft——"

"No," said The Broker definitely. "You wouldn't need to do that. The programme has to be carried through, even if your three heroes turned cannibals and ate each other up on the desert island."

"All right. We will keep our iron, steel, armament and aircraft shares. How about N.D.C.?"

"That," admitted The City Editor, "is something of a puzzler. I can't quite see my way there."

"My idea," The Broker said, "is that the last paid dividends will be repeated in the majority of cases, but that we can't expect much in the shape of increases."

"I myself don't think this will prevent the public from buying industrial shares. Maybe I am too optimistic, but our experience in my own firm is that clients are quite willing to put money into stocks and shares that are not likely to be subject to shocks."

"One has to remember," The Merchant reminded them, "that prices have come down a lot from the top. There's that about it."

"You mean that some reduction in dividends is already discounted?"

"Most of the dividends now being declared are pretty good, you know," The Broker remarked. "I don't think that directors would be so generous if they didn't see their way to maintaining the rates."

"We've had a two per cent. Bank Rate for exactly five years, I see. Doesn't that rather hint at the possibility of dearer money before long?"

"The Government want cheap money," said The City Editor. "One would think that we ought to expect a rise in the Bank Rate——"

"You never say 'the' Bank Rate; any more than you would say 'the' Guildhall," observed The Jobber. "It is Bank Rate and Guildhall, without any 'the' about it."

"Who says so?"

"The people who know. But don't mind me. You think we should expect a rise in Bank Rate? Well, I don't. Not that I know anything about it."

"But here again," The Broker agreed, "isn't a higher Bank Rate discounted already? War Loan and gilt-edged stocks have come down fairly steeply. You can get 3½ per cent. on your money from British Government securities. Not too bad, you know."

"It wouldn't be too bad if the Income Tax were not five shillings in the pound. Ay, and more than that on ordinary shares."

"We don't want to rake up that discussion again," decided The City Editor. "What I would like to know is the reason for shares in the brick, and some of the building trade, companies being so dull. You get rattling good dividends, good reports, good prospects. And the market is as dull as my intelligence."

"You cannot expect it to be as active as mock modesty," The Jobber answered, "at a time when people think the building boom is over."

"There's plenty of building work being done," observed The Merchant. "Down my way, they are still putting up crowds of houses. Cheap money is a valuable asset to that industry."

"What annoys me," said The Jobber, "is the fact of money being abundant—according to the papers—and yet it never seems to come my way. Makes you think, doesn't it?"

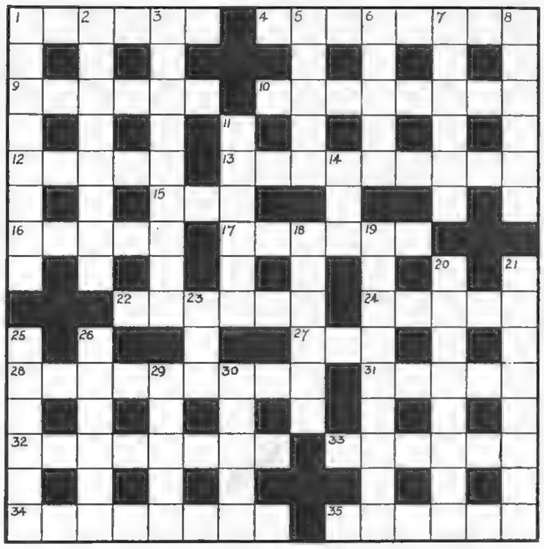
"Possibly"—The City Editor leaned forward as though to release a brain-wave—"what makes you pensive is the fact that everything's so ex-pensive."

"Some things," threatened The Jobber, pulling up his sleeves, "you get for nothing."

And, very neatly, he drove that point right home.

Friday, July 2, 1937.

OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.



ACROSS.

1. Garment worn somewhere between England and France? (6).
4. A peevish confection of Eastertide (hyphen) (8).
9. The cynical restaurant diner might well define him as "one who remains inactive" (6).
10. Merchant who is a railway employee in his own estimation (8).
12. Shire successors (5).
13. Nominate again to gain a mark (9).
15. In the plural this resistance unit might be working for the Government (3).
16. That thankless child (5).
17. A king of the Goths (6).
22. Perhaps to attack in this way will cause an animal to feel unwell (6).
24. Is it possible to get such a hand with clubs or spades? (5).
27. It's illegal to get less round this tool (3).
28. A sideways indication of what is needed to win a tennis set when 5—0 down (9).
31. Maybe I got a bite in such precincts (5).
32. As ornaments these creatures go swimmingly (8).
33. I want no tricks, please, when I say it (6).
34. The channels of our inspiration! (8).
35. Umbelliferous plants (6).

DOWN.

1. According to this instrument the Semite is by no means dull (two words) (4, 4).
2. Scoffings about fields? (8).
3. For that matter vocal efforts are forms of worship (9).
5. Dance of strange degree (5).
6. It's a fortunate reporter that can bring in such a dredging bucket regularly (5).
7. Rough kind of cottage (6).
8. Mollusc, not a ceremony of the north-east (6).
11. Give a girl weapons for the Spanish fleet (6).
14. This state of equality is less than the capital (3).
18. Tempers—and seemingly nobody is opposed to it (6).
19. It may be all right for a balloon, but it has a bad effect on the currency (9).
20. Perhaps they contain refreshment for the acrobats (8).
21. Test rush (anag.) (8).
23. Where the waters are drunk (3).
25. A liquor vessel similar in one respect to a ship's mast (6).
26. Where they keep the property horses? (6).
29. To allude palindromically (5).
30. The sort of worthless fellow to waste fifty (5).

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MOTOR DICTA.

By H. E. SYMONS.

ALTHOUGH the lineal descendant of the famous 30-98-h.p. Vauxhall, the new Vauxhall "25" resembles it only in so far as acceleration and speed are concerned. In all other respects, the new big Vauxhall is a luxurious, though remarkably inexpensive, family saloon, as full of good points as its famous forebear, though these good points are all of an entirely different nature. Let me say at once that the Vauxhall "25" is remarkably inexpensive for its size and the degree of luxury provided. Its price is £298 in saloon form, and this includes real leather upholstery, Vauxhall No-Draught ventilation (in my opinion the best ever), and substantial luggage accommodation.

Although the Vauxhall "25" is an all-British production, built at Luton by British workmen with British materials, one may perhaps be pardoned for remarking on its somewhat Transatlantic appearance. This car is, in fact, the answer to those who betray their ignorance by asking why we in England cannot build a car comparable in size and price and performance with the medium-priced American product. The big Vauxhall has all those characteristics which are responsible for the popularity of Transatlantic automobiles—soft springing, light steering, smooth engine, and an excellent top-gear performance—plus the decidedly European characteristics in regard to road-holding and braking. I do not think I have ever tried a car which embodies so many of the best features of European and American practice.

THE MORRIS "FOURTEEN" *in our snapshot is standing in the grounds of Lilleshall Hall, Shropshire.*

The Vauxhall "25" likes being driven *à l'Américaine*, mainly on top gear and using the brakes a good deal. At the same time, if one wishes to handle the car like a European sports model, one can do sensational getaways from rest by revving well up on the gears. The change is rather low from first to second, which is not synchromesh, but thereafter the process is simpler than A B C. In any case, for all practical purposes third and top are the only gears required, except when starting from rest. I should imagine that most people who own these cars start in second, although I preferred to start on first, for the clutch on the particular car I tried lacked a little smoothness.

It is not until one has driven some miles on the Vauxhall "25" that one realises what an extremely attractive car it is. To start with, the engine is as smooth as silk and almost dead silent, the body is quite free from wind noises until about 50 m.p.h. is reached, and the springing luxurious to a degree. One is at first inclined to mistrust the cornering capabilities of this car, so softly is it sprung, but one soon discovers that the road-holding is of a very high order, so that one can fairly throw the car round corners with the fullest confidence. The steering, though light, is reasonably high geared and the wheel does not have to be wound round and round to go from one lock to the other. The excellence both of top and the indirect gears is remarkably satisfying, and the brakes extremely smooth yet very powerful indeed. All-out speed is round about the 80-m.p.h. mark, although without driving the car at anything like its maximum, one can get from one point to another at a surprisingly high average speed.

The car as a whole is well thought out. The front wheels are independently sprung by fore-and-aft coil springs enclosed in oil baths, the brakes are hydraulic with a "double safety" system, which enables one set of brakes, front or rear, to operate in the unlikely event of a pipe leakage putting the other pair out of action. The turning circle is very good indeed, for the car will turn in a circle of only 41½ feet. I have already spoken of the efficiency of the No-Draught ventilation system, which works so well that any individual passenger or the driver can enjoy a pipe or cigarette, knowing that the smoke will go straight out of his own window. The luggage accommodation is also good, for apart from the spacious locker, below which is separate accommodation for the spare wheel, the lid lets down to carry bulkier articles. It is essentially a family car for long or short journeys, for use at home or overseas. The ground clearance is high, so there is no need to worry when driving over bad roads or tracks. I should imagine that the engine would pull strongly even if the wheels were deep in mud or snow.

The HUDSON "EIGHT" SPECIAL DROP-HEAD FOURSOME COUPÉ *is a highly attractive car. The equipment includes glass-topped picnic tables mounted in the back of the front seats. The model is priced at £525.*

There are a lot of minor points, all of which add to the comfort of driver and passengers. The driving position is well thought out with an adjustable steering column to bring the wheel exactly where it is required. The seats, which are built on a steel tube foundation, are specially designed to support the back in a way that banishes fatigue, and the very adequate interior corner lights are automatically switched on whenever the rear doors are opened. The only criticism I have to make here, is that these lights could very well be arranged to come on only when the side-lamps are switched on. The ash-trays are concealed in the handiest possible position in the extremities of the substantial body arm-rests. There is no need to go into all the features of the chassis, designed to make maintenance easy, for the Vauxhall "25" has such a reputation for trouble-free running that the owner need scarcely worry his head about keeping it in order.

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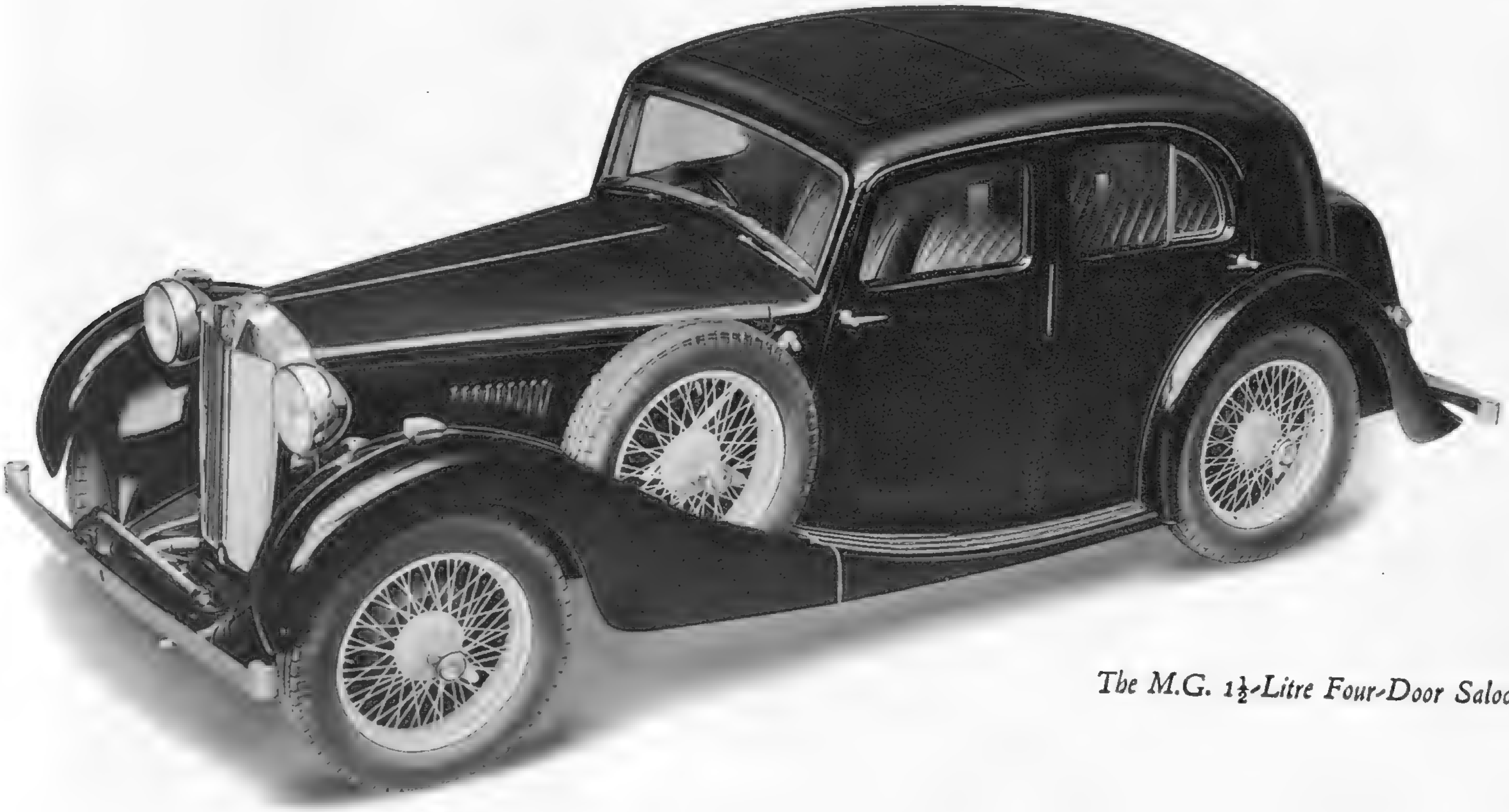

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ON GENERAL LINES.

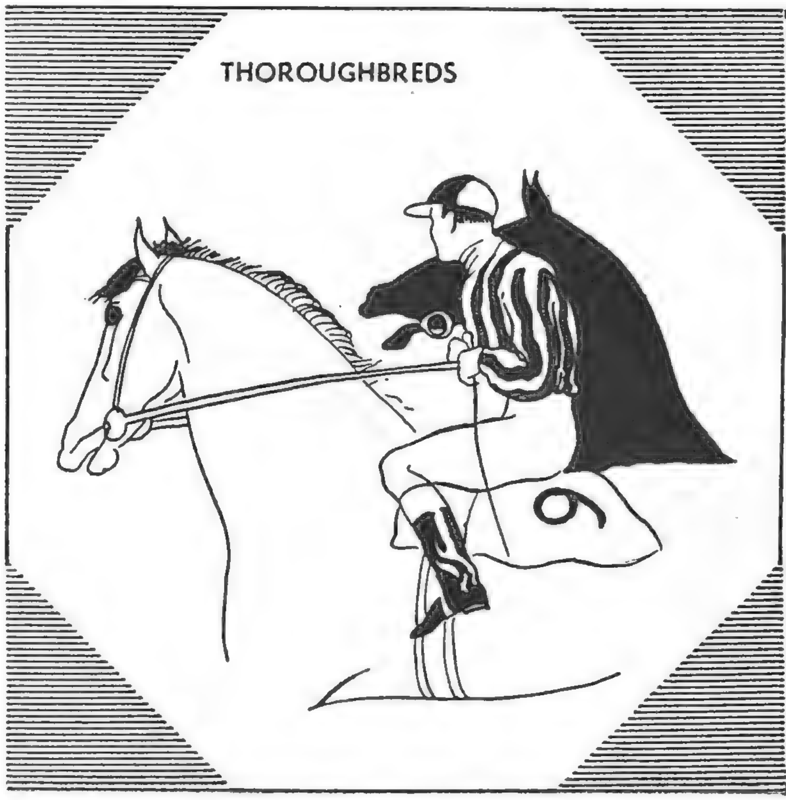
A LITTLE time ago a writer in an evening newspaper said that this talk about card sense is a lot of bunkum. All that is necessary at bridge, he said, is intelligence and a certain amount of thought. Quite so, and this is a good definition of card sense, provided we put the word "card" in front of "intelligence," for it is a strange but undoubted fact that some people who are highly intelligent at sundry other matters are the least intelligent at cards. Assuming, then, that the writer has given us a good definition of card sense, it follows that all this talk about intelligence and a certain amount of thought is also bunkum, from which we must deduce that perhaps all this talk and writing on bridge is bunkum too. A sad thought, and possibly true.

I expect that much of what appears in these notes is put down as bunkum, at any rate until it is proved in practice to hold a deal of card common sense. This is only to be expected when some more or less revolutionary idea is set up: for instance, our late articles on "Defensive Opening Bids" probably will be labelled "bunkum" in certain quarters, but in course of time these bids will be "discovered" elsewhere, and be hailed as a necessary addition to the game of contract bridge. Now, I have no objection to being told that this, that, or the other notion of mine is bunkum, provided sound reasons are advanced against it. In other words, I welcome criticism: that is the way to learn; but the criticism must not be one-sided, it must be constructive. I remember well in the old auction days, when I wrote up some new idea—I think it was about the folly of leading fourth best—I had a letter saying I would do better if I dropped bridge and took up marbles. Now, that was not helpful, since the writer gave no reason why I should attack marbles in preference to ludo or darts, nor did he attempt in any way to show me where or why my views were such utter rubbish. The result was that I stuck to bridge and my views as well, and, what 's more, I 've stuck to them for contract too. This sort of one-sided argument (though, of course, in the case just quoted there was no argument set up, but you will know what I mean) brings me back to my subject. It is very easy to say card sense is bunkum—all that is necessary is intelligence. Very well, but the trouble is that the instruction given to the bridge player does not tend to make him an intelligent card player; on the contrary, it tends to turn him into a wax figure, bidding and playing the cards as a machine, so really it is absurd to add "a certain amount of thought," because he 's not *allowed* to think—he has to do as he 's told.

Don't any of you say this is absurd—you know perfectly well, if you meet a strange partner, or play a rubber in a strange club, good player even that you are, you will not dare make one of a hundred common-sense plays you would like to, and which you know would be correct, simply because it is ten to one your partner would be shocked, and, what 's more, would "tick you off" as a very bad bridge player, who doesn't know the rules of play. In my opinion, the proof that neither intelligence nor, indeed, thought comes into the teaching of bridge lies in the fact that players are brought up on big hands. Big hands, to a great extent, are self-bidding and self-playing—anyhow, they need the minimum of intelligence and thought, whereas the weak hands are those that require all the intelligence and all the thought the player can put into them; yet see any published hand, a hand which is criticised from the first to the thirteenth card, and what is it—a certain game, if not a certain slam affair. The hands I should like to see published are those that just miss contract; those, in fact, on which it needs intelligence and thought to get even near contract. Those are the hands that teach and improve play. Here is a hand which, to an extent, exemplifies what I am driving at—

Y	B	Z
	Spades—K, Q, 9, 8, 7, 6. Hearts—K. Clubs—x, x, x. Diamonds—x, x, x.	
Spades—A, Kn, 10, 5, 4, 3. Hearts—10, 9. Clubs—A, x. Diamonds—Q, x, x.		Spades—None. Hearts—8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2. Clubs—Q, x, x. Diamonds—A, x, x.
	A Spades—2. Hearts—A, Q, Kn. Clubs—K, Kn, 10, 9, 8. Diamonds—K, Kn, 10, 9.	

A (dealer), one club; Y, two spades; B, double; Z, four hearts!; A, double. End. A led the two of spades; Y played the ten; B the queen; Z ruffed, and led a trump. B won, and promptly led a spade, giving Z a discard, forcing A to ruff and make an impossible lead. Z made his contract, on which I congratulated him, and also on his clever bid. Of course, had B had an ounce of card sense, a club would be led after the heart trick; actually, of the eleven cards remaining in B's hand, a spade was the worst possible; yet B's comment was: "I thought it a grand opportunity to let you make a little trump"—obviously, I may state, the last thing A wanted.



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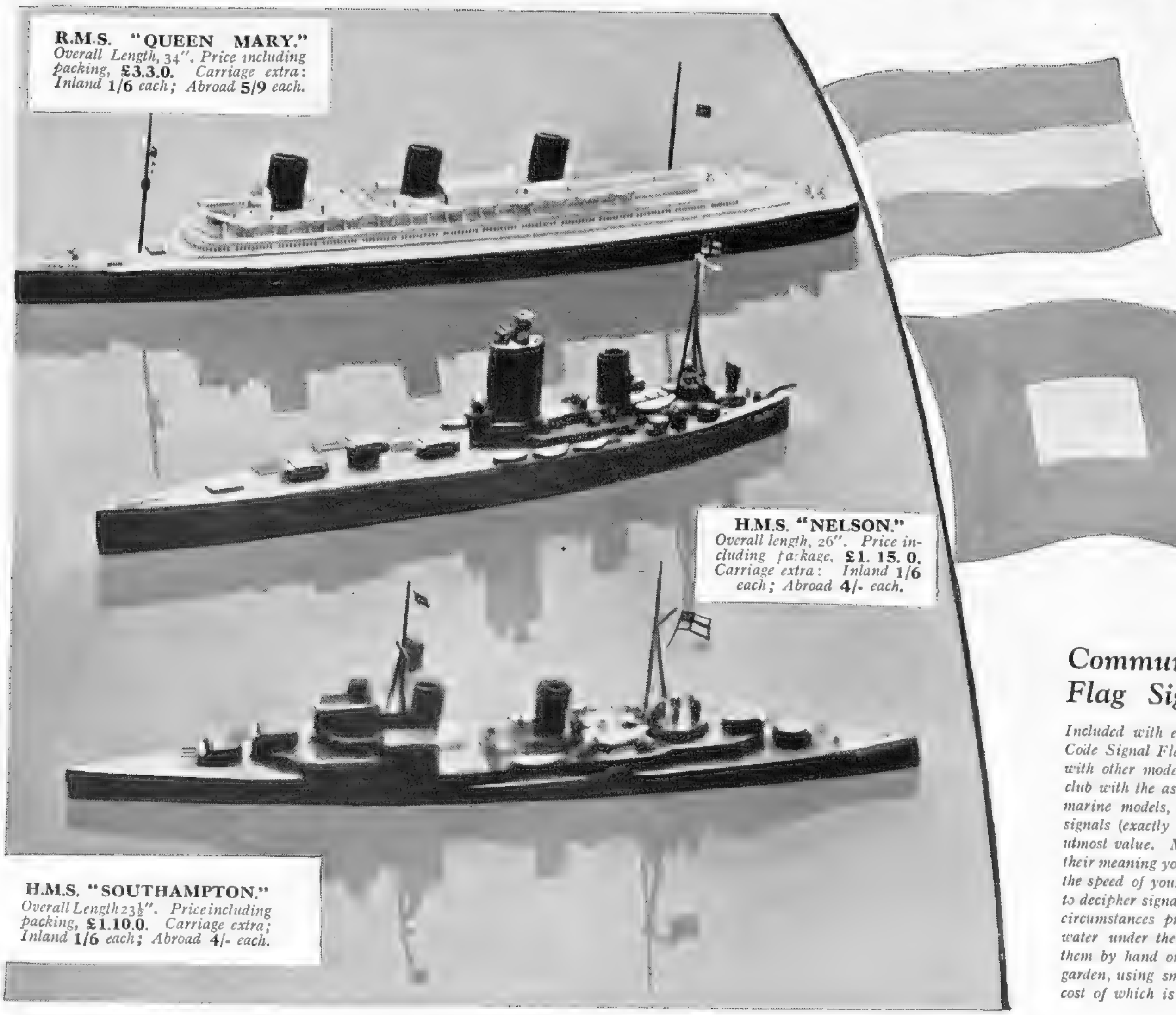

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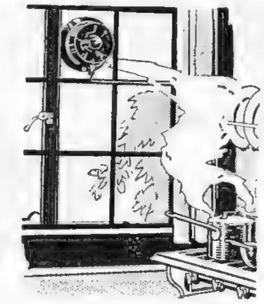

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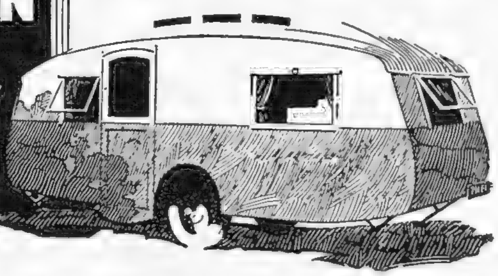

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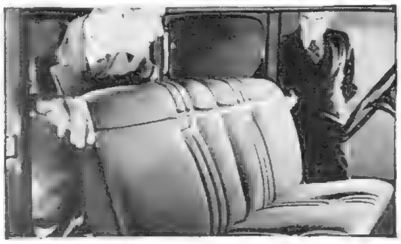

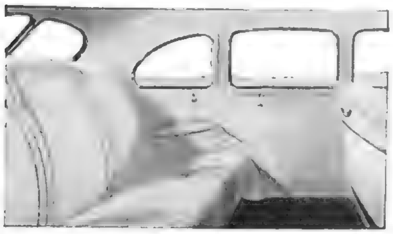

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THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

(Continued from Page 44.)

And God, for her, Julian continued to be. But he was an exceedingly capricious god, whose chief attribute of divinity was that it was a pleasure to please him. With the next reshuffling of the family, Camilla was allotted to him; Fay, and Clair, Camilla's adored little brother, to their mother; and for years they never saw each other. Camilla was farmed out on relations, while Julian, scented and curled, led a brilliant social existence outside her life. When he recalled her to him she found a step-mother installed: a neurotic woman who made Camilla's life a burden with innumerable irritating edicts as to lessons, washing, and tooth-cleaning. The step-mother laid her nerve-storms at Camilla's door, and once again the poor child was banished to the care of relations. Soon Julian followed her into exile—he could not stand Lucia's tantrums—but not the same exile. Before Camilla's chronicle closes she is again twice uprooted; first to provide a domestic background for Julian's life at a country club, and then, when she had failed dismally as a hostess-débutante, to a finishing school, where, still much younger than her companions, she gave a better account of herself.

Poor Camilla Poor Camilla! She wept many tears before she began to grow an armour against the hard knocks of her pillar-to-post existence, and we weep for her too, and condemn the system which made her the football of her elders, alternately hugged and kicked. But Miss Whitcomb writes without rancour, *parti pris*, or reformatory intention; she accepts the conditions of Camilla's childhood hardly more questioningly, though much more clear-sightedly, than Camilla accepted them, and she has abundant sympathy for most of the persons of the story, always excepting the loathsome nurse, Croudel. And I think her novel gains thereby, and is more persuasive than if it had been a work of propaganda. Miss Whitcomb has an exquisite gift for describing childhood, and a remarkable power of conveying, rather by allusion and impression than by statement, the effect on a child's mind of the impact of half-a-dozen worlds, all imperfectly understood but all acutely felt. The story tingles with life—most of it very selfish life in rebellion against rules, but renewing itself by its rebellion.

"Mr. and Mrs. North." The author of "Mr. and Mrs. North" exercises, one might almost say practises, a restraint very rarely found in these days. Nor would one necessarily look for this quality in the pages of the *New Yorker*, a paper whose pictorial jokes, when they come off, explode like a pistol-shot. Still, Mr. Richard Lockridge's sketches appeared there and they are a very high-class entertainment. Mr. and Mrs. North are a loving, childless couple of thirty or thereabouts, with an income sufficient to their needs, which are not extravagant. Their relationship is marked by feminine unreasonableness on her part, and masculine bewilderment on his. She over-dramatises herself and nearly always brings it off, while his attempts to lift himself from the rut of ordinary behaviour (as when he went moon-gazing on the roof) generally end, for him, in acute embarrassment. She is the master of her fate, he the slave of his. They are usually presented together, deliberating over some social or domestic plan; sometimes he occupies the scene alone, to emerge, after an encounter with someone more self-possessed than he, scarlet with mortification. Mr. Lockridge's humour is not such as to make one laugh out loud, and sometimes, like the bat's cry, it is too faint for grosser ears to hear. But it is various, subtle, unforced, and completely free from facetiousness; and, besides this, Mr. Lockridge writes extremely well. I found his book a joy.

"Funny Pieces." Mr. Stephen Leacock is a much more violent humorist. When he hits the mark, it is a bulls-eye; when he misses, the reader marvels that a joke could go so wide. His section on reviewers has slightly reduced the critic's field of operations; I dare not, for instance, say that his hand is failing, or break into French, or draw attention to misprints. But I *will* say that his own play with foreign words is not always very successful: no one should try to make more than one witticism out of *vol-au-vent*, while *pâté de foie gras* is too serious a subject to joke over at all. If I say that in "Funny Pieces" Mr. Leacock's hand sometimes fails, I do not mean that it is failing. Moonbeams from the larger lunacy still inspire his silliness. I like his footnote: "If any reader doubts these calculations, I refer him to my colleague, Professor Charles Sullivan, of McGill University, and if he doubts Professor Sullivan, I refer him so far that he will never get back." And the Anglo-Norman

(Continued overleaf.

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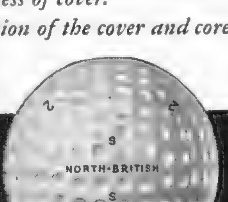

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Continued.]

journalist's partisan account of the Battle of Bannockburn has some delightful moments—

> We advanced with halberdiers and gonfaloniers in front, with an attelage of four demi-culverins on each flank. We had not covered our rear. We did not think it necessary with rude opponents such as the Scots.

Of all humorists, Mr. Leacock is surely the most reckless, and that is why it is so exhilarating when he succeeds.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

Star Maker. By Olaf Stapledon. (*Methuen; 8s. 6d.*)
The Grown-Ups. By Catharine Whitcomb. (*Chatto and Windus; 7s. 6d.*)
Mr. and Mrs. North. By Richard Lockridge. (*Michael Joseph; 7s.*)
Funny Pieces. By Stephen Leacock. (*The Bodley Head; 7s. 6d.*)

THE CROWNING PERIL.

(*Continued from page 16.*)

It was, then, all over but the shouting. Garcilasco was in time to deliver his message, stop the advance and save the army. All that he had risked and endured had been worth while. As the great car rushed through the lessening night, what he saw proved this. Masses of troops were already in motion, moving up to their places in that grand attack that could only mean disaster if he were not able to give his information to the General. Now they would be stopped within the hour; that is, just in time.

There was no delay. The major's signals had cleared the road for him. At the hotel they were ready for him. The sentry let him by without a challenge, a sergeant in the foyer ran towards him, pointing to the stairs: "The General waits you," he shouted. "Up those stairs . . . the first floor, turn left along the passage. You will see a sentry at the General's door. . . ."

Garcilasco dashed up the dark stairs, his heart singing with elation. He had done the trick. All those horrible risks of death were justified. He had won. In a minute he would be giving his news and the army would be saved. . . . What happened as he turned the stairs to leap up the last half-flight he never knew. He only had a sense of the earth abruptly turning under his feet, of his body hurling sidways, then his head striking the bannisters with an appalling crash. After that, black night engulfed him. . . .

He came to with a sense of bustle and noise about him, yes, and the sound of gunfire far too close to be comfortable. He was a little bewildered because, instead of its being morning, it was night. Also he was on a bed. He struggled up, his head throbbing horribly, and as he did, an officer rose from a chair and bent over him. . . . "Thank heavens you 've come-to," he said. "I can now, perhaps, get away."

Garcilasco recognised him. It was Lazanillo, an officer on General Roja's staff.

"Get away—what do you mean?" he asked bewildered.

"Escape, bolt, join the retreat. We caught it hot when we attacked this morning——"

"You attacked!" knowledge and horror flamed in Garcilasco's brain. "But, *por Dios*, that was what I risked everything to warn you against. They were waiting for you in an ambuscade. . . ."

"Yes, and they caught us in it, and they broke us and we 're on the run," Lazanillo said bitterly. "All because you failed to get your message to us in time . . ."

Garcilasco's soul turned over, thinking of all he had been through—only to fail.

"How?" he stammered. "Why? . . . What happened to me?"

"A housemaid's brush!" Lazanillo said grimly.

"A housemaid's brush—are you mad?"

"A brush! A mere handbrush left by a careless housemaid on the stairs," Lazanillo went on. "In your headlong haste to deliver your news you did not see it. You trod on it and fell so heavily that you have been insensible all day. . . ." He began to laugh sardonically. "A housemaid's brush! After all you had been through, just a housemaid's brush beat you and wrecked an army." [THE END.]

SOLUTION OF CROSS-WORD PUZZLE, JUNE 30.

ACROSS.—1. Cock. 3. Square root. 10. Causeways. 11. Deeds. 12. Acton. 13. Emigrate. 15. Repairs. 17. Samurai. 19. Chasers. 21. Parasol. 22. Fanfares. 24. Lingo. 27. Token. 28. Prettiest. 29. Not present. 30. Lear.

DOWN.—1. Cockatrice. 2. Court. 4. Quakers. 5. Assails. 6. Elder. 7. Overtures. 8. Test. 9. Meantime. 14. Bill-poster. 16. Peajacket. 18. Marplots. 20. Stripes. 21. Pastern. 23. Finer. 25. Niece. 26. Eton.

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"BALALAIKA" (His Majesty's). 8.15.—Pre-war Russian gaiety; songs and dances.

"FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS" (Criterion). 8.40.—Laughter without limit.

PLAYS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"WONDERFUL WORLD" (Palace). 6.20 and 9.—Second edition of this pleasant revue, with Florence Desmond and Steve Geray.

"FLOODLIGHT" (Saville). 8.30.—Good after-dinner entertainment by Beverly Nichols. Frances Day, Hermione Baddeley, John Mills.

"TO HAVE AND TO HOLD" (Haymarket). 8.30.—Good dialogue and first-rate cast. Marie Ney, Keneth Kent, Dorothy Hyson.

"PAGANINI" (Lyceum). 8.30.—Operette with music by Franz Lehar. Richard Tauber in full song, and Evelyn Laye.

"BLACK LIMELIGHT" (Duke of York's). 8.30.—Margaret Rawlings as wife and wanton, in the solution of a sensational murder.

"LONDON AFTER DARK" (Apollo). 8.30.—The further adventures of Marion Lorne, with a thrilling finish.

"GEORGE AND MARGARET" (Wyndham's). 8.30.—The lightest possible plot, but rich comedy.

"THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE" (Savoy). 8.30.—"Crime and Research" (!), with Ralph Richardson.

"BUSMAN'S HONEYMOON" (Comedy). 8.30.—Dorothy L. Sayers' Lord Peter Wimsey dramatised.

A FILM YOU MUST SEE.

"LOST HORIZON" (Tivoli).—Ronald Colman finds Utopia.

FILMS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"TOP OF THE TOWN" (Leicester Square Theatre).—A "musical" with a spectacular climax.

"WE FROM KRONSTADT" (Academy).—A Russian drama of the defeat of the White forces at Petrograd.

"DER AMMENKOENIG" (Studio One).—entertaining German comedy adapted from Max Dreyer's banned play.

"I MET HIM IN PARIS" (Carlton).—Claudette Colbert takes a holiday and chooses a husband.

"BEHIND YOUR BACK" (Carlton).—An amusing conversation-piece.

"THE COURT WALTZES" (Curzon).—A French musical fantasy of the Victorian era.

"KID GALAHAD" (Gaumont, Haymarket).—Edward G. Robinson in a vigorous boxing drama.

"NANCY STEELE IS MISSING" (Regal).—Victor McLaglen and Peter Lorre in a melodramatic kidnapping story.

FILMS ABOVE THE AVERAGE.

"BLACK LEGION" (New Gallery).—Humphrey Bogart as the star of a "secret society" melodrama.

"DER HERRSCHER" (Berkeley Cinema).—A fine performance by Emil Jannings in a German domestic drama.

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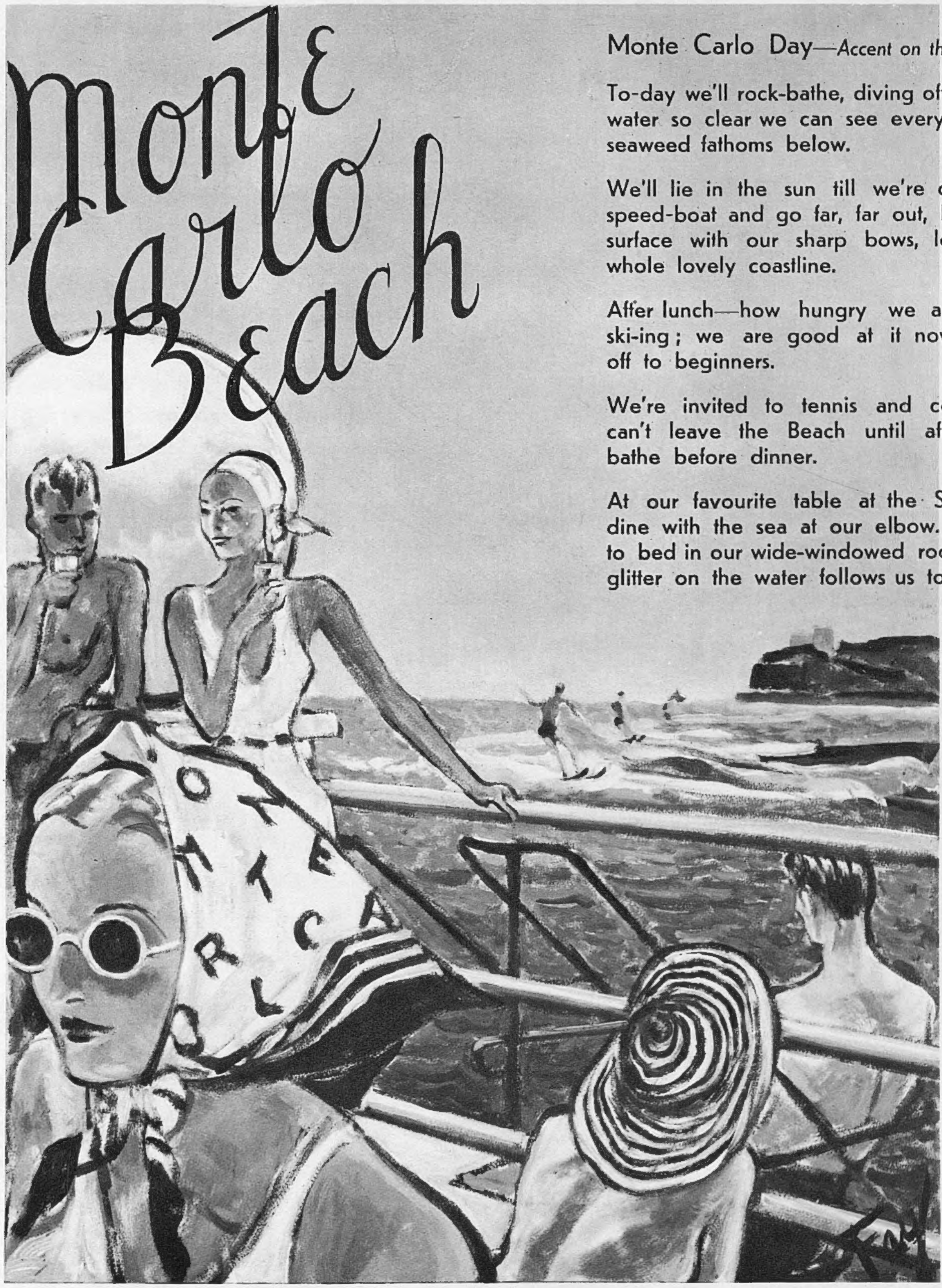

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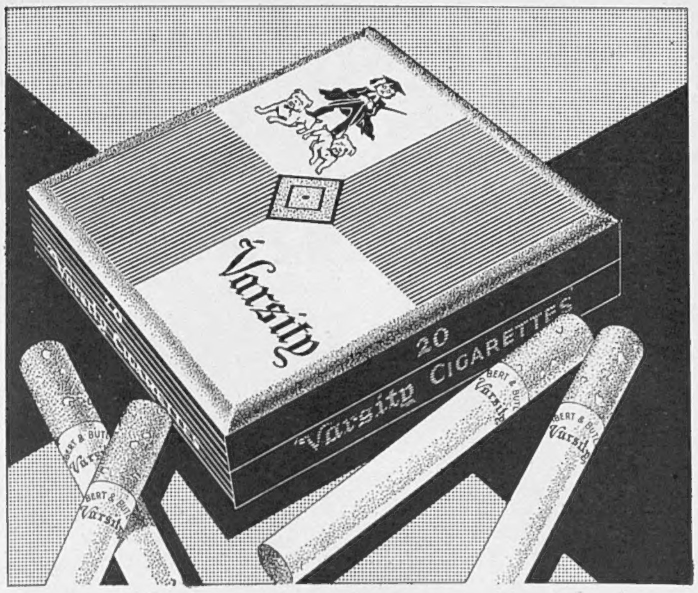

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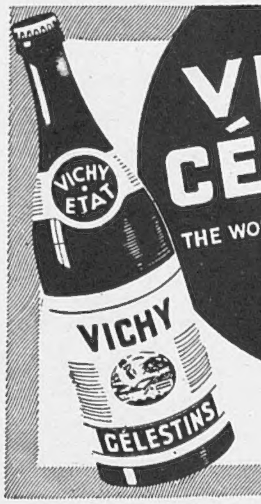

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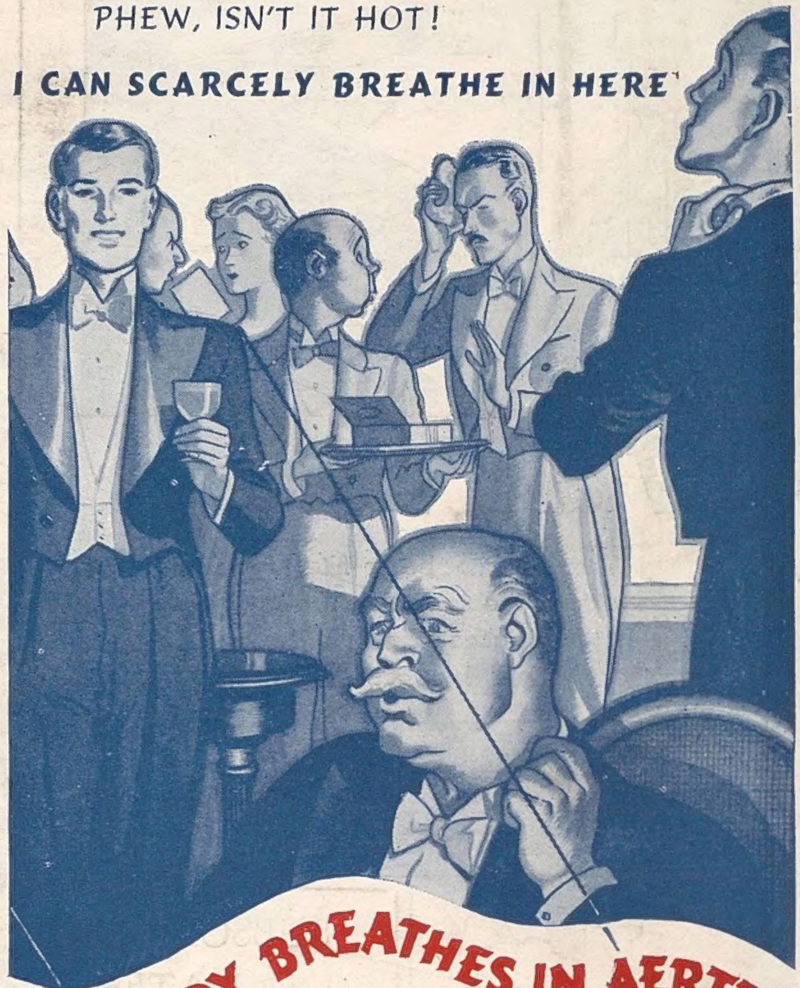
I FEEL LIKE A LIMP RAG

AT LEAST THEY MIGHT SPORT A FAN

PHEW, ISN'T IT HOT!

I CAN SCARCELY BREATHE IN HERE



MY BODY BREATHES IN AERTEX

Though others are wilting around you, you'll feel it's good to be alive — in Aertex. Because Aertex is woven into tiny air-cells — thousands in a single garment — that at once ventilate and insulate the body. And in cold weather Aertex keeps you warm, just as it keeps you cool in warm and muggy weather. Though much imitated, Aertex is still unique, so always see the *Aertex* label when buying. A complete catalogue of Aertex underwear, shirts, pyjamas, etc., sent on receipt of the coupon below.

To the Advt. Manager, Cellular Clothing Co. Ltd., 14 Moor Lane, E.C.2
Please send me illustrated Aertex Catalogues.

Name ....

Address ....

ⓟ X ....

Aertex